PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR

Vol. 7 No. 2 35p

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PENTHOUSE

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HOUSECALL

With another year of Penthouse launched, the question arises of the next Pet of the Year. Normally readers would now be asked to send in their nominations from among the 12 delectable contenders presented in volume 6. This year, however, the moment has to be deferred. The reason is that we believe the time has come when the Pet of the Year should be the choice of the entire Penthouse readership, British and American. Until now, our two editions have carried separate selections, so that the title "Pet of the Year" has referred to a different girl on different sides of the Atlantic. In future there will only be one Pet of Pets, and we intend to make the change this year. Because the U.S. edition was launched later in the year than the British, North American readers have not yet seen enough Pets of the Month to make a selection, and the only solution is to delay the choice at the British end. A few Pets, already considered by American readers in last year's stakes, will be unavoidable casualties of the change-over, and will be ineligible for the next title. But from then on the annual selection will be in phase in both editions. A further announcement, explaining just who is eligible for the coming nominations, will be published later. Meantime, there is news of another advance in the sales of our U.K. edition. The latest certified figure from the Audit Bureau of Circulation is 237,210 copies monthly, a jump of nearly 20,000. We no longer carry our ABC figure on our index page, preferring to state the combined sale of both our editions—which, incidentally, continues to climb so fast that our published figure is always outdated, and an understatement. But as the combined figure has the effect of concealing the progress still being made in our first market we are recording this new ABC return here. In the current issue we offer another international array of authors, headed by **Kingsley Amis** and **Isaac Asimov,** who share a taste for sci-fi. Asimov, one of the world's consistent top-sellers in that field, displays his gift of simple exposition of scientific matters in an article exploring the mystery of memory (page 22). Amis, a writer whose interests take in politics, education, literature, and jazz, joins Penthouse as a guide to yet another: imbibing (page 61). He will write every month, with no chi-chi but plenty of zest, on the drinks he enjoys. **Raymond Lamont Brown,** who returns to our pages with a rivetting report on Russian techniques in female espionage (page 26), is remembered for an earlier article on Red Chinese spying. Some of it seemed far-fetched at the time, but it later received confirmation in the memoirs of one of the late President Nasser's closest associates. Lamont Brown, 31, lectures, writes and travels, specializing in oriental affairs. As we go to press a new book by **Arno Karlen** has been published in this country: *Sexuality & Homosexuality* (Macdonald). As the title suggests, he was able to draw on its researches for his enlightening article on lesbianism in this issue (page 69). A former staffer at *Newsweek* in New York, Karlen teaches at Pennsylvania State University. **Ben Birnbaum,** another New Yorker, wrote the engaging short story "Gigolo" (page 30) as part of his first novel, to be called *The Book of Eilat.* But somewhere along the way he upped and took off for Australia, where at last report he was tending sheep.—**H.F.**

U.K. PET OF THE YEAR

ASIMOV

AMIS

U.S. PET OF THE YEAR

KARLEN

BROWN

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in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of Penthouse, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals, please), though these may be witheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, 2 Bramber Road, London W14 9PB. Correspondents will be asked to confirm authorship by signing and returning a verification form. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially. Penthouse reserves the right to refer surplus letters for publication in its companion periodical Forum Magazine.

The fall of Freud

Professor Eysenck's demolition of Freudian psychoanalysis (vol 6 no 9) was a welcome antidote to the widespread adulation of the system. But what a pity he could not resist the temptation to set up a new idol (Watsonian behaviourism) in place of the old.

In juxtaposing the daft Freudian analysis of little Hans' fear of horses with Watson's experiments on little Albert to produce a fear of rats, the good professor performed a neat sleight of hand. He failed to explain, however, why little Albert (in common with Pavlov's dogs and the dancing pigeons mentioned earlier in this article) required repeated stimulus before the conditioned response was established, while it apparently arose in the case of Hans after a single experience.

Conditioned response is an interesting aspect of human behaviour, and one subject to experimental evaluation (unlike many other current psychological vogues). But it no more gives a total explanation of the human mind than Freud's theories do.—*Herbie Brennan, Furness, Naas, Co. Kildare, Ireland.*

Professor Eysenck writes: "Mr Brennan is perfectly right; conditioning theory does not give a total explanation of the human mind. Only a fool would claim that it did—any more than Einstein's theory gives a total explanation of the universe. Science is much more modest than that, and what conditioning theory can explain is the origin of neurotic disorders. This may not be much, but it is a good beginning. Single trial conditioning as in the case of little Hans, has also been observed in the laboratory; the number of repetitions required in a given case varies with the personality of the person to be conditioned, the strength of the unconditioned response, and many other variables which are quite well known."—Ed.

Sexindex slips?

As a regular reader of Penthouse, may I first congratulate you on producing what is far and away the best magazine in its class. None of Penthouse's many imitators has managed to equal its sophisticated eroticism or its high standard of literacy.

However, I feel obliged to point out two inaccuracies in the first instalment of the *Sexindex* (vol 6 no 10). In England, at least, abortion is the termination of any pregnancy before the 28th week. It includes both deliberate and accidental termination. The term "miscarriage" has no official medical existence, but is commonly used as a euphemism for "abortion". The termination of a pregnancy after the 28th week is a premature labour.

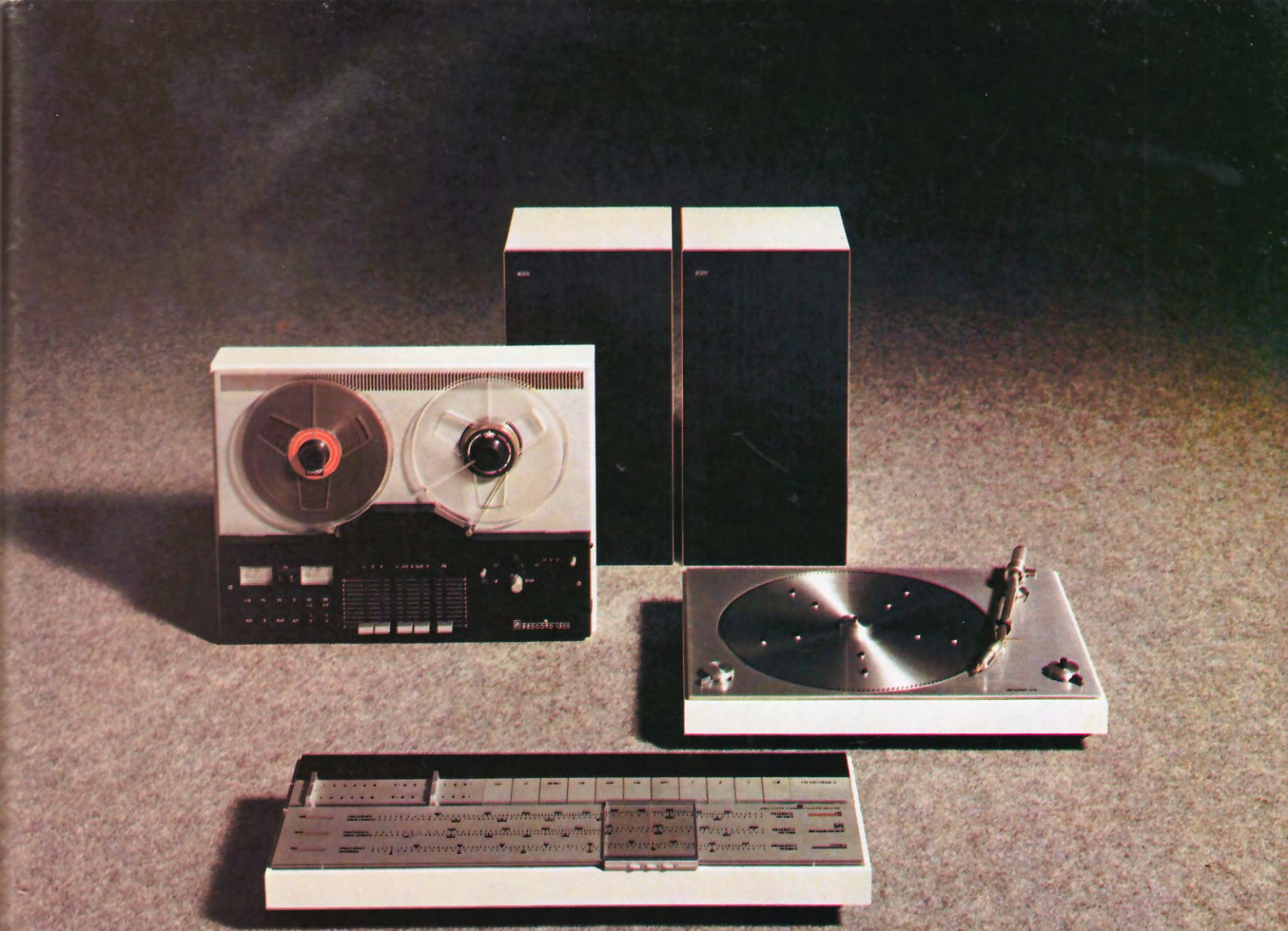
Adolescence: In this case your error could have tragic consequences if parents were to take your implied advice and were not to seek medical advice concerning their child's undescended testicles until the onset of adolescence. Both testes should be in the scrotum at birth. Occasionally they may not descend until shortly after birth. However, undescended testicles in a boy of, say, five years will require surgical correction. The important point is that undescended testicles must be brought down into the scrotum well before the onset of puberty. Failure to do this is likely to result in permanent sterility, even if they are brought down later in adolescence. Further, there is an increased risk of cancer of the testicle if the testicles are not in the scrotum by puberty.—*M. S. (name and address supplied)*

Sexindex editor Lynn Barber writes: Authorities differ on the correct use of the words abortion and miscarriage: however, the definition we gave seems to be the most widely accepted, especially now that foetuses are quite often viable before the 28th week. On undescended testicles, the Sexindex did not give any "implied advice" about not seeking medical aid. It will be covering the subject thoroughly under the appropriate entry.—Ed.

Another Hughes mystery

You apparently carried an interview with *Freddie Laker* (vol 6 no 9), since several people have remarked, somewhat adversely, to me about Mr Laker's comment to the effect that he had a partner called Hughes whom he bought out for £150.

By a not-so-strange coincidence (Hughes is a common enough name) Freddie Laker and his



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partner started in the aircraft parts business just about the same time as I and my partner got going under the name "Aerocontacts", and Laker and I both parted company with our respective partners within a few weeks of each other for roughly the same reasons. That caused enough confusion which, in spite of explanatory press announcements etc. took months, even years, to iron out. Now, a quarter of a century later, business friends and others, most of whom weren't even around in the business world at that time, have latched on again to what appears to be a good story.

I'd like to make it clear that this Hughes is not the Hughes to whom Mr Laker refers, that we are quite well acquainted—having got off the ground at much the same time and in much the same way—and that Aerocontracts Ltd (note the added "r") became, and is still, among the biggest and most active aircraft parts stockists outside the United States, being one of more than 20 companies of which I am chairman, spread around quite a large part of the world.—*H. K. Hughes, Gatwick House, Horley, Surrey.*

A stitch in time?

Recently I was reading a book about the customs of primitive native tribes in Africa. I was intrigued to learn that in one tribe every young girl, as soon as she reaches puberty, is "sewn up" to preserve her virginity. The stitches are removed a week or so before she marries.

This crude version of the chastity belt must be an extremely painful ordeal for the unfortunate girls, and as the "surgeon" uses a thorn needle, thread made from animal intestines, and no antiseptic precautions whatsoever, it is hardly surprising that the risk of infection is very high.

It seems to me that here is the germ of an idea that the civilized world could adopt with advantage. The operation could be performed under anaesthesia in hygienic conditions, using fine gold wire as is employed in ear-piercing. Widely-spaced stitches would facilitate natural body functions and, while penetration might be possible, it would be discouragingly painful!

The chastity belt was irksome to wear and hopelessly inefficient. The only people to benefit from its use were locksmiths, who were busily employed in making extra keys. Virgins are vanishing fast and will undoubtedly become extinct unless something is done about the problem. Adoption of this idea would, I submit, have this problem well and truly "sewn up".—*Al Chinnery, Manchester Rd., Southport, Lancs.*

Bottomless Pet

Your February fascinating female, Miss Karen McCook, is a most beautiful blonde—fabulous face, magnificent body and perfect proportions. The photographs and props are unexcelled, and yet I have a complaint. Why expose so much of such a delicious damsel and yet deny me an opportunity to gaze on what could be the best part of her—that ravishing rump? Her curvaceously constructed can is only partially revealed in one photo.—*H. Novak, (address supplied), Buffalo, New York, U.S.A.*

Horse play

Further to Hildegard K's letter in vol 6 no 10:

I think it has to be admitted
The horse's lot is rather hard
When—shortly reined and tautly bitted—
He's exercised by Hildegard.
According to the lady's screed
She has a way with whip and spur
Which makes the toughest steed concede
The winning cards are held by her.
Each painful "aid" with skill conveyed
By raking spur or braking hand
Accentuates the point she's made—
That Hildegard is in command...
With wicked, well-directed flicks
She reaches regions raw and tender,
And when she's "cured him of his tricks"
She revels in his meek surrender.

I'm no psychiatrist, of course,
But *something* must dictate the need
For girl to dominate a horse
And show she's boss—with man and steed.
For when these equine thrills are through
A more exciting mount is sought—
Less stubborn to subdue, it's true,
But still exhilarating sport.
In short, we see on sunny beach,
All dreamy-eyed and creamy-thighed,
The shapely peach who's out to teach
Her manly escort to provide
A ride o'er rocks and craggy boulders,
And while his fitness she extols
Astride his strong, submissive shoulders,
The shingle shreds his unshod soles...
But now the pony shrewdly picked—
Despite its harmless human guise—
Requires repressions twice as strict—
And blinkered eyes between her thighs.

B.C. (name and address supplied), Plymouth, Devon.

The pursuit of love

Peter B. in his letter on picking up girls (vol 6 no 10) is wrong to think plain girls are always the easiest to catch: there are many exceptions to this rule. But he is right in saying that "it is better to be kissed and fondled by an average girl than to be dreaming of doing it with some fictional or untouchable super-star". (And that applies to the local prospective beauty queens who might be behind any shop counter.)

Beggars can't be choosers and, as far as looks are concerned, you get what your own attributes and prospects merit or go without. I learnt this from a girl I met at a youth club a long time ago. She was a very average teenager who tried to show me how to embrace and kiss. I rejected her because of what I thought promiscuous behaviour, but she was young and innocent and I didn't understand the psychology of teenage girls. I was awkward and tactless and she finally wept.

Later, having experienced the brush-off from prettier birds, I realized how that poor little sparrow must have felt. Moreover, like many plain (even ugly) girls she had certain becoming features easily overlooked at first glance—a pair of lovely big soulful eyes, a full bust, and lovely legs—which I only perceived after she'd gone. Remember that "beauty is in the eye of the beholder" and don't be in too much of a hurry to dismiss girls just because they don't have the physical attributes of Brigitte Bardot!—*A.F. (name and address supplied), St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex.*

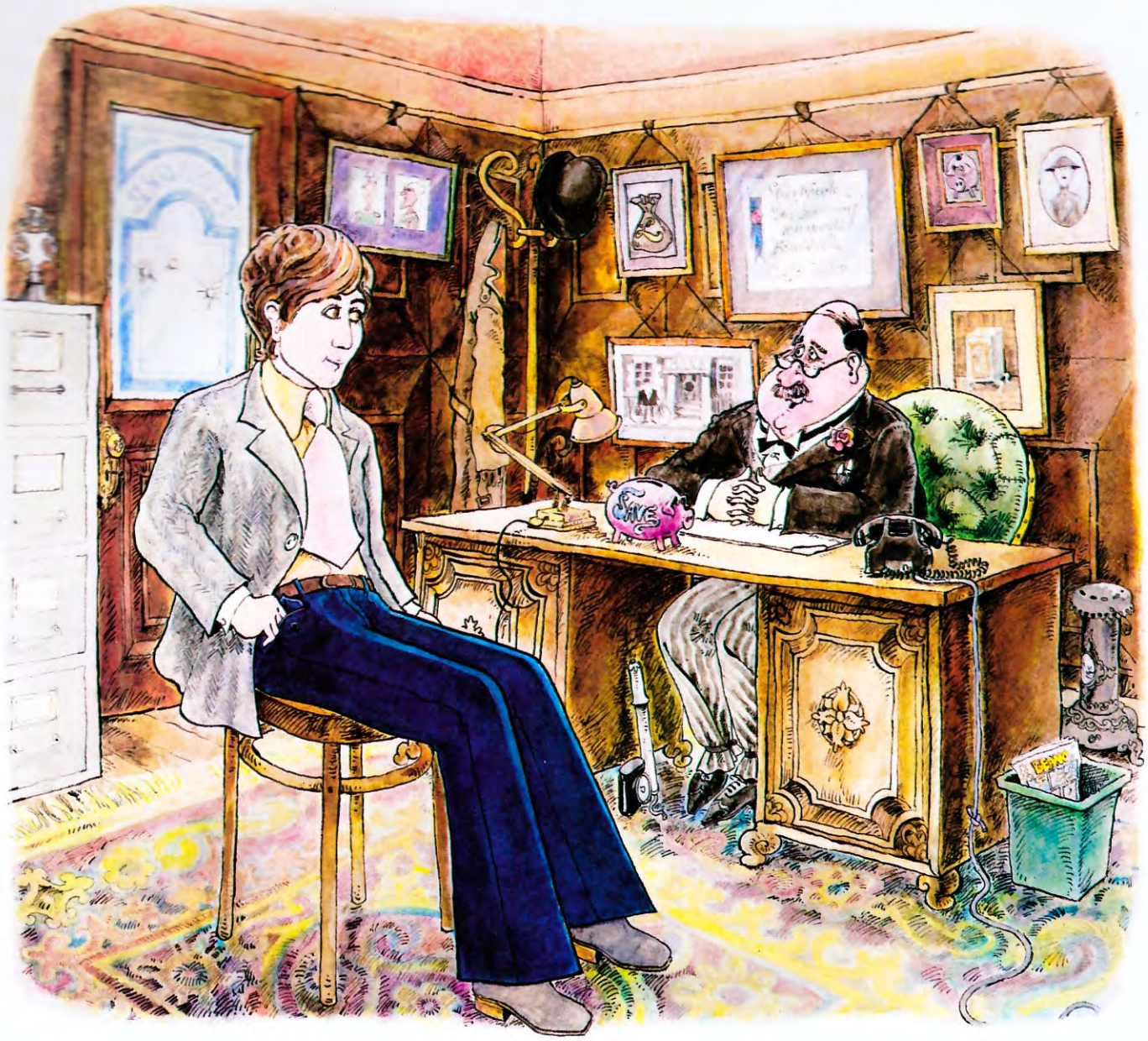
A secondary shave for men

I have seen several letters in your columns about women who remove their pubic hair, but I suspect that very few men shave themselves. I would guess, furthermore, that I am one of a very tiny group of *heterosexual* males who do engage in this happy practice. Let me explain why I heartily recommend shaving to men as well as women.

First, from an aesthetic standpoint the removal of hair greatly enhances the natural and beautiful appearance of the lower abdomen and genital area—as artists and sculptors will agree. Second, the penis and testicles are displayed to their very best advantage for viewing by women. Third, this total nudity is the ultimate in sexiness by virtue of its unusual, somewhat brazen, and often titillating appearance to the opposite sex. Fourth, shaving provides a clean and airy feeling for men as well as women.

I have been shaving my genitals for several years, and the benefits I obtain from "going all bare" far outweigh the small amount of time I expend in giving myself a fast once-over a few times a week. (Since I shave my face every morning, I simply run my electric razor over my genital area every other day; and it only takes a minute or so.)

"Well look, Mr Capone, how about a dependant relative, or perhaps there's some travelling allowances you might have forgotten."



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Before criticizing the practice as unmasculine or kinky, I strongly suggest that other men try it. Many, I'm sure, will be tremendously pleased by the various results they achieve. If pubic-hair shaving becomes a general thing among women, it may well catch on among many men.—*R.C.—(name and address supplied), New York, U.S.A.*

Rope trick regular

I am a 25-year-old woman and, with one exception, have conventional sexual habits. The one exception is that I regularly, about once a month, foster the desire to be tied up. However, I have no intention of allowing myself to be put in this helpless position by any boyfriend that I have had to date, and therefore I try to do it myself. It's easy enough to arrange the tying up but so far I have been unable to fathom a method of doing so without leaving one arm free, for obvious reasons. I wondered if any reader has managed to find a method and would like to pass it on through Forum?—*June P. (name and address supplied), Hornchurch, Essex.*

Forbidden fleece

I read the letter from Christopher Trace (vol 6 no 8) requesting the publication of old photographs formerly banned because of "floss on the mill" and I see that four of your pictures of Miss Lynette Asquith show her pubic hair. Do most men enjoy seeing pubic hair? Though I am a girl, I doubt it, and I should be interested to hear what your other readers think.

If a girl is to be photographed in the nude and shaves her underarms, is it not too much trouble to remove her pubic hair also? Surely if a girl is to be sexually attractive she must present a perfectly-groomed appearance and her only crowning glory should be on her head.

Personally, I am always careful of my appearance because I think it is more feminine, and when wearing see-through panties and miniskirts one never knows for sure what one is showing. All girls enjoy receiving the genital kiss and I think it unfair to have any "floss on the mill" when a man makes love to me.—*Miss D.W. (name and address supplied), Retford, Notts.*

Dressing for kicks

My husband has long been a reader of Penthouse, and therefore so have I. I am fascinated by the various sexual adventures described in your letters column and to know that my husband and I, alone in our private sexual fantasies, are never really alone, but one couple in company with many.

This sort of adventure did not start for us until I decided to be modern and rigged myself out in a pair of tight-fitting PVC boots and a midi wet-look raincoat. To my great surprise, I found that my husband was aroused by this outfit. As an experiment, I dressed myself in these one evening with nothing underneath. I also told him that I would like to experience being tied up as a means of stimulation for me, as my outfit was obviously doing just that for him. The result was a fantastic experience. We made love with me still dressed in my raincoat and boots, but also with my hands tied, and gagged for further effect. The feeling of helplessness was overwhelming and resulted in a never-before degree of satisfaction.

From this first experiment we now realize what each of us needs, and have become more sophisticated in our play. I wear long tight-fitting thigh-length boots with a tight tapered midi-skirt of PVC which is laced up the front. This stimulates my husband, though the laces drive him mad when the time comes! For myself, I wear handcuffs and a dog-collar and leash, and on special occasions I wear a face mask of black PVC. Thus we please each other's particular wishes. But what surprises us is that until I bought that particular outfit we never really knew what we desired. I wonder how many couples *do* know one another's secret desires?—*Mrs. Daphne T. (name and address supplied), Sunbury-on-Thames, Surrey.*

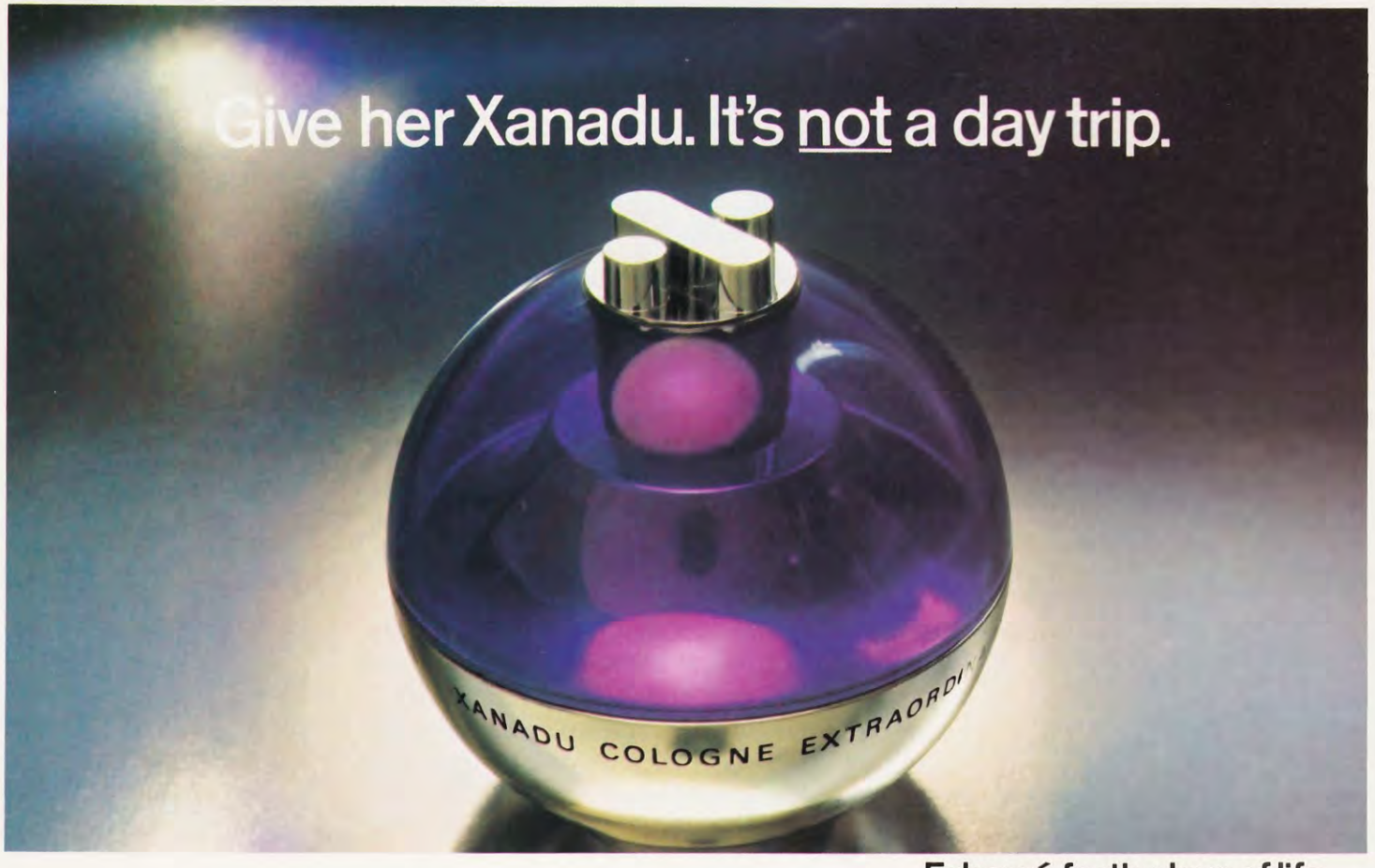
Party games

Your magazine is one of the best I have ever read, but it is often a bit difficult to find in France. I hope you will not forget that, in this country, we do not have this kind of sophisticated publication. Your Pets are always marvellous, and your series on *The Nudies* was gorgeous, but I prefer the Forum section. For the first time, people can speak freely. Please, give us more!

I have read your letters about "party games" and think they are fairly common. It happened to me when I was 19 and I still remember it very well. Spending the summer holidays near St. Tropez with friends, we had great fun swimming, playing and dancing. One Saturday a boy said he would give a party in the evening, because his parents had gone back to Paris. Hoping for a lot of fun, we agreed and the evening began with dancing and drinking—too much. Everyone was petting and I must say we were a bit excited.

Then we started playing a game, "Harem", in which we girls had to do everything the boys wanted. To be more like a real harem, we

CONTINUED ON PAGE 83



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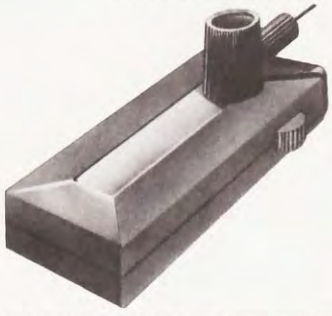

The sensitively selected range of marital aids from Evelyn Rainbird now includes a number of sexual prosthetics, beautifully sculpted in firm, smooth rubber and motivated by a tiny variable-power motor. Our coupon is below.

To Evelyn Rainbird Ltd.,
265 The Strand, London WC2R 1AA
Please forward under private and confidential cover your illustrated catalogue of sexual aids and prosthetics. I am over 18. I enclose cheque/P.O. for 10p.
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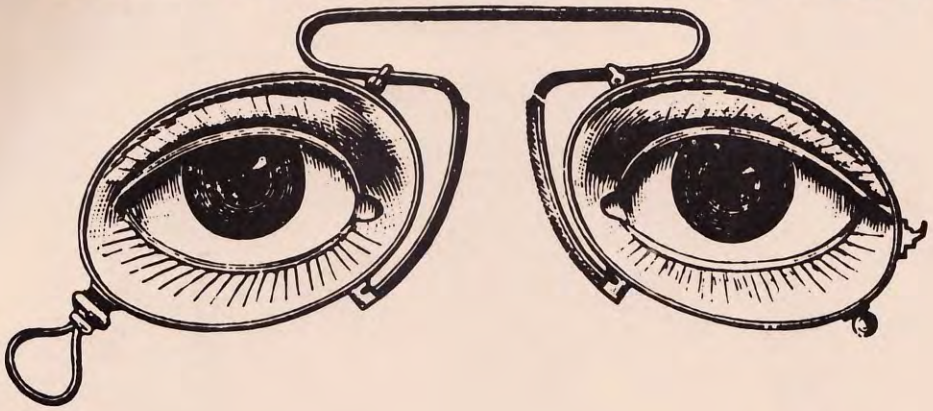
POSTAL BUSINESS ONLY

VIEW FROM THE TOP



LOVE FOR SALE

Now being offered to investors in this country is a prospectus that must mark some kind of milestone in international finance. It comes from a German company called Kohls Liegenschaften KG, headed by Kurt Kohls, who is a businessman with insurance and building interests, and is married with three children. His prospectus, colourfully printed, gets down to business on the cover with the unequivocal statement: "The oldest profession in the world is also the solidest."

What the Kohls company (based in Ulm, West Germany) is offering is an opportunity to buy a partnership in a brothel operation. This is perfectly within the law in West Germany. Brothels there are not illegal if licensed by the local authority. The licence of course entails medical inspection and other conditions. Hamburg's famous red-light district, long since described in Penthouse, was not due to some special dispensation, as foreigners assume, but to the city's initiative in granting licences.

The example seems to have caught on, for the Kohls setup has brothels in Konstanz and in Kaiserslautern. Both are strategically placed. Konstanz is a town on the border of Switzerland, where prostitution is illegal, and Kaiserslautern is conveniently near a NATO base. "It's a better investment than stocks", says Herr Kohls, whose company guarantees a minimum 9% annual return.

His opinion seems to impress Wall Street, where a full report of the offer was published last December by the *Wall Street Journal*, quoting Herr Kohl's dictum that "Irma La Douce never has a recession". The prospectus has also had a reasonable reception in Germany, where at last count it had brought in some 500,000 DM from investors, including two universities.* Among the company's sales force are said to be some former IOS mutual fund salesmen.

The way the Kohls company describes it, the business is more like flat-renting than brothel-owning. None of the girls (47 at Kaiserslautern, 35 at Konstanz) is employed by the company. They sign rental contracts for an indefinite period, and pay a daily rental (£3) and a board fee (£2.50). Still, they are required to make minimum charges to their clients (starting from £4), and a resident madam manages the premises. There is also, among the amenities (bar etc), a "special" room equipped with sexual apparatus, which is rented to girls and their clients by the hour.

Is it possible that Europe's prolonged post-war repression of brothels is now in retreat? The Common Market is likely to spread social habits like Germany's across frontiers, and there's already a movement to restore *maisons tolérées* in France. Apart from the traditional safety-valve case, there seems to be a growing trend towards the use of surrogate partners for the treatment of sexual disorders. Drs Masters & Johnson have been using this method for some time at their St Louis sex clinic, and Dr Martin Cole has proposed the same thing in Birmingham—where the publicity seems to have killed the idea. But it is probably being used elsewhere by less publicity-prone therapists. If a sex partner can acceptably be provided for therapy it is hard to see how it can be objectionable to provide one for relief.

In this country prostitution seems to have lost much of its controversy since the girls were cleared off the streets, and full-time pros now advertise their services with little or no attempt at concealment on newsagents' postcards all over London. It's a sensible improvement on the years of persecution, but wouldn't it be better in these VD-ridden days if prostitution were under some sort of official control, instead of being conducted as a cottage industry? There is likely to be a growing controversy over that issue.

Meantime, a full guide to European prostitution is to be published in the US in July by the Viking Press. Called *Mankoff's Lusty Europe*, it will be complete with telephone numbers. No doubt Herr Kohl's enterprises will be listed, but perhaps not those of Herr Willi Schuetz of Frankfurt, regarded as Germany's biggest brothel operator. Herr Schuetz, despite the apparent cast-iron nature of his business, is on the receiving end of bankruptcy proceedings.

*Minimum units of 10,000 DM are offered, half of which are first mortgage secured loan capital at 12% fixed interest, and half investment capital.

PACKAGE DEAL

"Blackpool, bed/breakfast, 17s 6d.—Mrs. Davenport £6."—Ad in *Middlesex Advertiser & Gazette.*

The best offer you'll get all day.

DO US A FAVOUR

Women's Lib, which might have had a future as a movement for better opportunities for women, is busy committing suicide with extremist demands. They actually had a little demonstration outside Holloway Prison to demand that women shouldn't be sent to prison at all. The argument was something to do with the fact that most women convicts are in for things like shoplifting and fraud, which Women's Lib don't regard as really criminal.

Surely Women's Lib is supposed to be *against* discrimination on grounds of sex? So how can they get up and coolly ask that, when it comes to sentencing, there should be discrimination in favour of women?

The truth is that judges already use any excuse to avoid sending a woman to jail. Everybody knows that women get off lighter in court than men. If Women's Lib were really after equality rather than favours they'd be demonstrating for sending *more* women to prison—to even things up.

TURKISH DELIGHT

"Wanted.—Young people to seek Sunken Pleasure in Turkey. Ring 234 0000."—Ad in *Saturday Titbits.*

Start the search in a low dive.

HOLY DEADLOCK

"When his wife refused to cook him a meal a man cut the plugs off every electrical appliance in the house. She retaliated by attacking him with a stair-rod while he was in the lavatory." —*Surrey Herald.*

Ah yes, the battle of water loo.

CHANNEL HOLD-UP

We'd better be grateful for the few extra hours of TV that the Government has been pleased to allow us, but it's still a scandal that the Government should have any say in the matter. Whose business is it but that of the people who want to put out the programmes and the people who want to watch them?

In a Penthouse interview last month Mr Val Gielgud, former head of BBC drama, expressed opposition to an extra TV channel on the grounds that there wouldn't be enough good-quality material to fill it. This is a difficult point to credit. There are already umpteen programmes that half the population never get to see because they're out or at work. Mere repeats could go a long way to filling another channel.

Then there's the huge potential, hardly yet tapped (as the David Frost shows indicate) of audience-participation discussions. The same applies to popular education programmes, like A. J. P. Taylor's memorable lectures. It seems to us that the shortage-of-quality argument springs from thinking of TV in terms of elaborate "shows", as though it were a theatre.

The important point, however, is that limitation of channels is an unwarranted limitation of liberty. And since it is admittedly motivated by concern over what might be broadcast, it also amounts to Government censorship.

DEBIT DIET

"Dr Williams had been heard frequently to refuse to put into his pocket that which he felt ought to go into the stomachs of his patients." —*Berkhamsted Gazette.*

Look for the silver lining.

EYE-OPENING COURSE

"EDUCATION. Special offer: 5-hole bikini briefs, gents' pants, g-string, his/hers open-front briefs, crutchless panties, all at 10p each; topless n/dress 15p."—Ad in *Exchange & Mart.*

For progressive schools, presumably.

SCENES

LAW AND TABOO

The Criminal Law Revision Committee is currently considering the whole system of sex offences—a rare event since traditionally sex offences are the least amenable part of criminal law. Perhaps the most glaring candidate for reform is the offence of buggery—described as an "unnatural offence" in the Sexual Offences Act 1956. This Judaic taboo, handed down into the law of most Western societies (though not penalized in many African, Arab and Asian systems) persists in 1972 with but one exception. Buggery—intercourse, not less, in the anal passage of another person or an animal—is punishable with life imprisonment (itself a commutation from death in the 19th century) except where committed between adult males in private. That was the chink made by the Sexual Offences Act 1967, but it leaves an even more anomalous position than before.

Buggery is still a life-imprisonment offence even if committed between husband and wife, though the risk of *conviction* is obviously minute. Neither spouse can be compelled to give evidence against the other, and a conviction is unlikely in the absence of corroboration—such as a medical testimonial of anal intercourse, which would be unlikely to be completely authoritative or even attempted in the first place. A judicial finding in a divorce case that anal intercourse took place between spouses is not enough to convict in a criminal case.

Buggery with animals also still exists as an offence, and the Sexual Offences Act 1967 did not alter this. Perhaps the offence of intercourse with animals should be retained—

Get your share: illustration from German sex-investment brochure

though not that of buggery between humans alone—because it might be said to degrade the person involved, promote the trading in suitable animals, and involve cruelty to the animal. But relevant evidence should be taken by the Criminal Law Revision Committee before deciding to retain this offence. Ideally, that evidence should include medical and sociological opinion on the effects on a person, and veterinary opinion on the effects on an animal. Due to the purely legal composition of the committee, however, it is more likely that they will ignore the moral basis of the law. It is a fair bet that they will decide the issue by default, assuming that the ancientness of the taboo is proof of the correctness of the law.

To legalize buggery between human beings including men and women, on the other hand, would be an intelligent break with legal tradition and bring the law into accord with reality. Even if the Criminal Law Revision Committee do not recommend the change, it is still possible for the Home Office to initiate a bill (though this is unlikely) or for a private member to bring in a bill in Parliament. It would take unexpected courage from either source.

THE CENSUS WOMAN

Though government departments are some distance from it yet, Britons and Americans may sooner or later find that their vital statistics are taken as part of a national health survey, or as part of a census inquiry. In the United States some steps in this direction have already been taken. The US Public Health Service has begun to compile statistics on details of bodily shape for men and women in different age categories, though for men this does not include any information on genital size and for women it does not include any details of her anogenital area. Even the US Department of Agriculture, has researched the main body-shape statistics of women, as the agency involved in markets for natural fibres, though apparently they have not provided the same information service about men to the clothing industry.

The Department of Agriculture in its latest survey found that American women between 20 and 29 were taller and trimmer than their counterparts of 25 years ago. On average, they were 1.4″ taller (and 1.9 lbs heavier), 0.8″ less in the waist and thigh and 0.6″ less in the hips, with no change recorded in bust size. The general movement has been away from the Brigitte Bardot—Sabrina—Diana Dors—Jayne Mansfield configuration celebrated by Hollywood post-war, to the more anonymous fashion model type of build.

Such surveys could be extended almost indefinitely to give sex information of "average" proportions. They might also provide crucial data for manufacturers of clothes, contraceptives, pharmaceuticals, cosmetics, etc., as well as being of interest to the public. They would, after all, describe the evolution of Man.

What new items could be added to the survey made by government specialists? In the case of a woman some or all of the following. The breadth of her mouth and the thickness of her lips; the size of her nipples and areolae; the amount of pubic hair in various parts of the body, assessed by the number of individual follicles; the circumference of the labia majora and minora and their thickness; the length and breadth of the vagina in different situations, sexual and non-sexual; the length of the clitoris. There might even by an internal examination for the different measurements of uterus, Fallopian tubes, cervical channel, etc. For men: penile measurements, testicle size, amount of pubic hair, etc.

Such research, properly done over a whole country, would be extremely expensive and not worth any single manufacturing interest's while to do on its own. As far as we know, no country has ever made such detailed statistical surveys over a long period.

HAPPENINGS

COLD COMFORT

Mr Pearl (speaking on "a deep and personal note") says: "I cannot promise immortality. All I can provide is a chance. A chance for the atheist to avoid extinction. A chance for the spiritualist to prove his infinite existence.'

Mr Pearl is talking about his organization, the British Cryogenic Society, which is endeavouring to bring to England the technique of deep-freezing human bodies at the moment of death, in the hope of resuscitation some time in the future when medical science has found a cure for the illness from which they died.

"Cryonics" is primarily an American science, and,loosely speaking, involves the preservation of animal tissues in liquid nitrogen. The method has already been successfully tried on sperms, insects and small animals, and Geoffrey Pearl is convinced that intensive research will bring about a safe way of applying it to humans.

Five years ago, the American Dr James Bedford was frozen away for posterity, and since that time, 13 other Americans have been tucked up in subzero gas.

Mr Pearl's idea was to set up an establishment of cryonics in Britain, supervised by a qualified medical director, where members could cheat death. He started by placing an advertisement in *The Times* personal column, which ran: "Anyone seriously interested in indefinite life through periods of suspended animation is invited to write to Box 2929F."

The bible of the Cryogenic Society is *The Prospect of Immortality* by Robert C. W. Ettinger: Mr Pearl traced and bought the book's entire unsold stock of 2,000 and distributes one to every new member.

There are two ways to join the deep-freeze longevists; by paying £1,000 cash and becoming a "permanent member", or by paying £10 a year and becoming an "annual member." Permanent membership means that you are entitled to the full freezing works, no matter how much more than £1,000 the treatment eventually proves to cost. "It is a 'ground-floor' opportunity," says Mr Pearl. "This rate is well below the economic figure." Future members, paying far higher fees, will subsidize the "founders."

"The works" include pre-suspension counselling, negotiation with the hospital where you "die", transfer of your body to treatment facilities, preparation and initial cool-down of body, permanent storage at —196 deg C in a suspension module and indefinite custodial care in storage facilities.

Annual membership holds open your option of becoming a permanent member whenever you want, at a discount price.

So far, the society has appointed a general secretary and technical adviser, and as a first step has bought 271 £20 shares from the French Cryonics Society in the hope of sharing a projected "cryotorium" in Beauvoir-sur-Mer, in France.

Bodies are prepared for freezing by packing ice around the patient's head at the time of "death", and keeping oxygenated blood circulating with an iron heart. Then the blood system is perfused with an intracellular solution which preserves the body cells and maintains the body in a stable condition.

The drawback at the moment, of course, is that there is no known way of reviving a patient from a frozen state; and so there is no way of knowing how cryonic treatment affects the brain and body. It's possible that a mathematical genius could die, undergo cryonic preservation, and be woken up in five centuries' time as a congenital idiot.

The members of the British Cryogenic Society are very serious and scientific about their research, but throughout their literature there is no word about the most significant flaws in their whole theory and practice.

"We who are living today can ensure for ourselves a chance to benefit from the developments of the future," they say—but they do not once face the question of whether they will be *welcome* in the future: whether the busy medical profession of 2172 will even bother to open their frozen modules and warm them up. Then there's the basic question of cultural discrepancies. A man

from 1772, who had already undergone the traumatic experience of death, would obviously find it extremely difficult to cope with the altered life of today. The cryonic "time-travellers" would be like aborigines, concussed by a boomerang in the outback, and woken up in the middle of downtown Sydney with none of the knowledge, skills or background of city life. The members of the cryogenic society may think they will benefit from the future, but the future isn't going to benefit much from them.

To save one's body for century after century may be the answer to man's short and unsatisfying life-span; it may be possible to create a structure of living that takes cryonic suspension into account, as an accepted part of human behaviour.

It may, on the other hand, may be nothing more than a highly-developed from of vanity; alluring in theory but unworkable, or worse, in practice. If and when they rise from their temporary tombs, the members of the British Cryogenic Society may get little more than a very cold shoulder.

SHOWS

FULL MARX

"Members of the faculty, faculty members; students of Huxley and Huxley students. I guess that covers everything. Well, I thought my razor was dull until I heard this speech, and that reminds me of a story that's so dirty I'm ashamed to think of it myself . . ."

Aficionados of the cinema will immediately recognize these opening words from Groucho Marx's inaugural speech as President of Huxley College in *Horse Feathers.* They have become hallowed in the history of screen comedy, along with the acerbic sayings of W. C. Fields and the exasperated exclamations of Oliver Hardy.

Groucho: "I love to feel about nudity"

But until now, Marx enthusiasts have only been able to appreciate Groucho's inimitable insults in the often noisy confines of their local Classic or (if they're exceptionally fortunate) on the private screen of a devotee.

Using the MGM facilities in Hollywood, 24-year-old Richard M. Anobile has compiled a words-and-pictures tribute to some of Groucho's greatest moments. He watched the Marx Brothers until "eyewash stocks jumped to a new high", selecting actual frames from the movies to illustrate the sequences. He hardly used any production stills at all.

The result is *Why a Duck?* (Studio Vista, £2.50), a 288-page volume with over 600 black-and-white illustrations that recreate, as nearly as possible, the lunatic atmosphere of *The Cocoanuts, Monkey Business, Duck Soup, Big Store* and *At The Circus,* among others.

The title of the book is taken from the celebrated exchange between Groucho and Chico in *The Cocoanuts:*

Groucho: Now, here is a little peninsula, and here is a viaduct leading over to the mainland.
Chico: Why a duck?
Groucho: I'm all right. How are you? I say here is a little peninsula, and here's a viaduct leading over to the mainland.
Chico: Why a duck?
Groucho: I'm not playing Ask-Me-Another. I say, that's a viaduct.
Chico: All right. Why a duck? Why a—why a duck? Why-a-no-chicken?
Groucho: I don't know why-a-no-chicken. I'm a stranger here myself.

It is Groucho's calculated insulting of the women he woos, however, that takes him to the highest peaks of his word-play. None of the sequences between Chico and he approach his verbal slaughtering of the rich New York matron, usually played by Margaret Dumont. In *A Night at the Opera,* Groucho was Otis B. Driftwood, a society chiseller who had promised Mrs. Claypool (Margaret Dumont) to get her into the highest social circles—for the right fee, naturally.

Mrs. Claypool: Mr Driftwood, three months ago you promised to put me into society. In all that time, you've done nothing but draw a very handsome salary.
Driftwood: You think that's nothing, huh? How many men do you suppose are drawing a handsome salary nowadays? Why, you can count them on the fingers of one hand, my good woman.
Mrs. Claypool: I'm not your good woman!
Driftwood: Don't say that, Mrs. Claypool. I don't care what your past has been. To me, you'll always be my good woman, because I love you. There, I didn't mean to tell you, but you dragged it out of me. I love you.
Mrs. Claypool: It's rather difficult to believe that when I find you dining with another woman.
Driftwood: That woman? Do you know why I sat with her?
Mrs. Claypool: No—
Driftwood: Because she reminded me of you.
Mrs. Claypool: Really?
Driftwood: Of course! That's why I'm sitting here with you, because you remind me of you. Your eyes, your throat, your lips, everything about you reminds me of you, except you.

The reason why the Marx Brothers films translate so readily into print is because when most of their films were made it was the writer who shaped the production: not the director, as happens today. The screenplays are not littered with intrinsically meaningless sentences that are merely aids to visual experiences or crutches to get the plot another stage along. S. J. Perelman, George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind were among the writers of Marx films, though Groucho and Chico often inserted their own lines. ("I'll have the whole of New York at your feet. There's enough room.")

Why A Duck? is an unusual and fascinating crystallization of early cinema technique, as well as a repository of Marx Brothers wit. To demonstrate that he hasn't lost the touch, Groucho contributes a foreword in which he comments on modern movies.

"When the Sexual Revolution began, I tried to enlist, but all I got was a series of humiliating rejections. I have been asked how I feel about nudity. I love to feel about nudity. I'm greatly partial to it."

SOUNDS

BIRD SONG

Hard rock—melodically, emotionally and tonally—has never been the province of women. Those girls who do profess to enjoy it are usually listening to it in the company of a man, because it needs a man to interpret and express this music into terms that a woman can understand.

Most women admit to being irritated and confused by it. They are incapable of involving themselves in the blocks and walls of sound, the over-emphasized rhythms and the whole mental drive that makes rock so absorbing to men. Rock is nothing to do with rhymes and roundelays and pretty tunes: it is a direct expression of male power and vanity. When a man is listening to hard rock, he's

Songbirds : Carole King *(left)* and Melanie Safka *(right)* during recording sessions

right inside himself, feeling each chord in his body and brain, imagining himself as a hyper-personality, free and full of strength.

Because it is so far removed from feminine comprehension, it is understandable that rock has very few good female exponents. Two of the finest—Carole King and Melanie Safka—both have elements of the masculine in their attitudes and *modus vivendi,* and even so their music is undeniably bird song.

Carole King is the more experienced and more rock-orientated of the two. Her new album *Carole King Music* (A & M) displays much of the edginess that is the basis of classic rock, and her emotional appeal is sentimental without being maudlin.

She started songwriting in 1959, in collaboration with Gerry Goffin in New York, and between them they produced *Will You Still Love Me Tomorrow? Chains, Go Away, Little Girl, Hey Girl, Locomotion,* and *Up On The Roof.* Carole herself had an early hit with *It Might As Well Rain Until September,* but that break was premature.

The Beatles and their imitators affected her career more than almost anything else. "It was difficult to adjust," says Carole. "These groups provided their own material. I never wanted to be an artiste, but after awhile it became the most efficient way to get songs to people."

She continued to write: turning out *I'm Into Something Good,* Aretha Franklin's *Natural Woman,* the Byrds' classic *Goin' Back* and *Hi-de-Ho* for Blood, Sweat and Tears. But by 1968 she felt ready to record herself, and with Dan Kortchmar and Charles Larkey (now her husband) she formed a good but unsuccessful band called City. City didn't go down well principally because this was the Cream-Hendrix era, and Carole was no opposition to the heavy musicians as far as sheer decibels and stage charisma were concerned.

After City, Carole tried writing both music and lyrics herself, and the result was her gradual emergence as probably the most creative all-round female musician around. Her music is difficult, astringent, full of authentic observation, and it gets better all the time.

Melanie Safka has a stronger voice, but she is far more fey and nostaglic, and leans more to the Donovans than the Rod Stewarts. She recently completed an album *Gather Me* (Buddah), which is a rich mixture of melodious songs, seasoned with one or two strong treatments and some interesting orchestration.

Born in 1947, Melanie is the daughter of a one-time female jazz singer, and music was always at the centre of her life. After leaving school, she played her guitar in New York bars for a while, before she was heard by record producer Peter Schekeryk of Buddah. She cut her first album in 1968, and now has four on release.

Obviously, Melanie prefers the joyous, bubbling songs rather than the very heavy (a typical example is the song from *Gather Me* that made the charts, *Brand New Key*). But occasionally she opens up her voice into a powerful, brassy fortissimo, both even and sustained, which takes her into the aural and emotional range of far less cuddly rock. She can be bitter, too, and caustic—and far more than any other woman singer, including Carole King, she can lay herself bare to her audience.

There will never be another Janis Joplin, and it is probably better that there won't be. The personal tragedy and pain that she went through to produce her Big Brother music should not be wished on anybody. But between them, Carole King and Melanie Safka keep some of the spirit alive.

RECOMMENDED RELEASES

Further Along/The Byrds (CBS): a fine country-rock album, but further along to where? The same old path, it seems.

Sly and the Family Stone (CBS): great black rock from a multi-dimensional band (and a free four-track mini-LP, too).

What A Bloody Long Day It's Been/Ashton Gardener Dyke & Co. (Capitol): soi d rock'n'roll from the Resurrection Shuffle boys.

LSO Gala Concert/Edward Heath (HMV): the Grocer makes a very good job of Elgar's Cockaigne Overture. On the flip side, André Previn copes professionally with some over-popular classics.

WORDS

SEX FROM THE SKIES

A free-ranging sex life and a political career are a forbidden mixture in the 20th century for any politician, unless he can keep one step and several beds ahead of his pursuers. Yet sex can sometimes be a political weapon, and governments who would otherwise fall over themselves in their rush to put pornographers behind bars can sometimes find a highly moral use for pornography. Sefton Delmer, in the most revealing article so far of a *Times Literary Supplement* series, confesses to having been "His Majesty's Government's Secret Pornographer."

Mr Delmer means it seriously. During the Second World War both sides decided that one way to Total Victory was by depraving and corrupting the sexual morals of the enemy. What better way than by filling the bomb-bays with pornography? Yet it was not enough for a squadron of Lancasters to unload Soho blockbusters over the Ruhr; there had to be a new generation of erotica to match the new generation of bombers. H.M.G.'s Political Intelligence Department, including Mr Delmer, set to work to produce a new World War II vintage of patriotic porn.

A fair specimen of this, produced by secret government printers, included a picture of a beautiful German nude "about to seat herself on the upright penis of some dark-haired, dark-skinned non-German." By dropping this on the enemy's front line, H.M.G. intended that the Wehrmacht should fear for the chastity of its wives and girl-friends back home, surrounded by all those randy French or Italian workers deported to Germany from their own country.

Perhaps it worked, or perhaps it merely encouraged the Germans to make use of the temporarily unemployed French or Italian girls. Similar German pictures, showered on the British army, were carefully kept as

collectors' items, stowed in the pocket of many a khaki tunic.

The whole exercise illustrates the importance attached by political experts to the most trivial sexual gesture or innuendo in the 20th century. 1972 has seen the posthumous publication of Lytton Strachey's lowdown on Mr Asquith, the wait-and-see Prime Minister of 1908-16. The greatest indiscretion seems to be that Asquith was capable of forgetting to be the Grand Old Statesman, and sidling up to a girl on a sofa, taking her hand, and making her feel his erection through the material of his trousers.

A man born before 1800 would have been surprised to find such a mild form of sexual exhibitionism even worth recording. Asquith had a long way to go before he could match the dinner party diversions of a more astute politician like Alexander VI, *alias* Rodrigo Borgia. The Borgia idea of a lively evening included mares and stallions copulating in the courtyard and naked girls crawling on all fours among the tables, picking up chestnuts in their mouths while they waited for the guests to be let loose upon them. Nor has any occupant of 10 Downing Street matched the sexual refinements of the Roman Emperor Tiberius, who made swimming more fun by having a number of human "minnows" gliding beneath him to perform fellatio as he practised the breast stroke.

An 18th-century visitor who wanted to know where all the fun had gone to in 20th-century public life would probably get a ticket to Hollywood and a few confidential introductions. Even in the less permissive 1940s and 1950s sexual exhibition bouts in California had a style about them that a Roman Emperor might have recognized. Hedy Lamarr recalled in her autobiography, *Ecstasy and Me* (1966), which she subsequently disavowed, an Errol Flynn party that would have done credit to Alexander VI. The climax of the evening was "Greyhound Racing" with six erect young men as greyhounds and a girl wearing only a powder puff tail as the electric hare. The girl was given a start, though not enough to outrun her pursuers, and met her fate to the strains of Strauss waltzes. It is said that some men only went there for the betting.

Tiberius himself might have enjoyed the Flynn indoor pool, where all-girl bathing sessions were held in strict privacy. Well, almost. The catch was that an all-male party in the room above watched everything, with raucous approval, through a trick glass floor.

It would certainly have amused Tiberius and many of his successors to think that in a place called Whitehall there were men who believed, in such a world as this, that the fortunes of war could be turned by dropping "dirty pictures" on the enemy.

RECOMMENDED READING

1) Bernard Grebanier, *The Uninhibited Byron* Peter Owen £3.25 This includes the first generally-available reprint of the notorious *Don Leon,* in which Byron is made to describe how he practised anal love with his young bride, Annabella Milbanke. The rest of the book is a well-researched and fascinatingly written account of Byron's varied sex life, from his seduction by his nursemaid, to his association with the sexually-eccentric Lady Caroline Lamb, and his affair with his half-sister. The book is illustrated with pictures of the principal participants, male and female.

2) Gerhard Masur, *Imperial Berlin* Routledge £3.75 The rise and fall of a romantic capital city, described with great insight.

3) Dominick Graham, *Cassino* Pan/Ballantine 50p World War II battle with photographs by the dozen.

4) Norman St. John-Stevas, *The Agonising Choice* Eyre & Spottiswoode £3.50 Brith-control, a survey of history and attitudes.

5) Ivar Lo-Johannsson, *Bodies of Love* Souvenir Press £2.00 Best-selling Swedish novel of sexual autobiography.

WHEELS

ADVANCED AND RETARDED

The Citroen people have come up with what could be an important development. It's a road wheel made of fibre-reinforced plastic, much lighter than steel and of course non-rusting. The lightness would be a real advantage to suspension. The wheel, produced by Michelin, has already been successfully used on special Citroen SMs and was displayed at the last Paris show.

Whether the material would withstand proximity to the high temperatures of disc brakes remains to be seen, and the point doesn't arise on Citroens, with their inboard mountings. There's also the question of whether plastic-resin wheels could ever be turned out as fast as metal wheels. Still, it would be a change for one of Citroen's concepts to find general application. The fate of their highly individual models over the last 20 years has been to be much praised as "advanced" but little emulated.

It has been contended here before that this outcome is because Citroen's devices are not so much improvements as variations on the mainstream, and this applies to the latest creation, the Citroen SM, which predictably has won the Car of the Year award of the American magazine *Motor Trend.* We say "predictably" because any new Citroen or Jaguar or Porsche almost inevitably picks up this sort of award, which reflects little more than professional motoring writers' prejudices. For a start, the SM has a Maserati engine and a "throaty" exhaust, which is enough to excite all the race-minded boyos.

It's only fair to record that *Motor Trend* gamely mentions the fact that Citroen lost money on every car it sold in 1970 and ran up a deficit of £45 million in three years. That hardly sounds like a popular response to the much vaunted DS family of models, and one wonders where the company would be if Fiat had not come forward and invested enough money for a major shareholding in the firm. As the SM is even more way-out than its predecessors its selection as Car of the Year in such circumstances might strike some people as perverse.

(Actually, "Car of the Year" means "Car of *their* Year"—only the ones the magazine had tested could qualify).

More extraordinary is the fact that the SM, a two-door car with a manual gearbox and a fashionable console that cancels the space advantage of front-wheel drive, should have qualified in the "Luxury Class". Not only does the SM have a manual gearbox, but a *five-speed* manual gearbox. Can that ever be luxury, changing gear by hand five times just to get moving?

Raymond Revenel, the makers' managing director, seems conscious of the point, since he is quoted as saying that an automatic is being planned. He explains blithely: "We see that buyers and writers are not liking to move the manual gearbox, so we are starting to come to the automatic". To which we would add, don't be too long—this is 1972, remember?

Motor Trend unintentionally makes its own devastating comment on another page of the very issue in which it honours the five-speed SM. A propos of Alfa-Romeo's new automatic it asserts: "In the US market an auto transmission is considered a necessity, and a five-speed almost a detriment". Perhaps if Citroen had started on their automatic a few years sooner instead of getting so preoccupied with peripheral items like ride-level adjustments and an elaborate system of power steering, they might have sold more cars and stayed out of the red.

At least, in the SM, they have an exceptional car. Hardly a car of the year, but a really fast one (133 mph top), and with outstanding brakes. As for the export prospects, they've already had to redesign the front end to suit the US's now outdated lighting laws, and they're going to have to do it again to match up to the new and highly desirable safety bumper regulations. In a firm that takes such a radical approach you'd think they'd have thought of all that.

CATHERINE THE GREAT

Catherine the Great, the pocket Venus who is said to have died after attempting bestiality with a horse, commanded in the thirty-four years of 1762-96 the most sexually active reign of any known Empress in history—rivalling even the alleged histories of the Borgias.

History books have only hinted at this—*The Passions and Lechery of Catherine the Great* unfolds the entire, incredible story . . . of lovers selected from the lowest ranks of the Army, solely for their sexual prowess ('an armchair or a divan was sufficient for this kind of exercise') . . . of lovers who—made physically aware of Catherine's insatiability—selected additional 'stallions' for the royal boudoir . . . of incredible furniture for the 'erotic salon' such as the 'sex chair' (photographed in this book) with its carved headpiece of a girl performing fellatio.

Side by side with the text, on almost every facing page, there unfolds an intensely erotic panorama of frescoes from the now-destroyed Gatchina Palace. Positively *no* anatomical details are omitted from these vigorous and superb drawings of Catherine in rut. *In no previous book published in Britain has such a totally revealing sequence of drawings ever been published.* As a collector's item it has no peer. Not for sale to minors.

SUNNY GIRL

From the publisher of *Naked Joy* and *The Glory of Women* comes this brand-new, giant (8″ x 11¾″) photobook fully bound in full-colour pictorial boards. Over 120 pages of full-page, high-definition photographs in colour and black-and-white unfold a stunningly erotic array of girls with girls in lesbian moods, girls with men—and just girls, alone, in carefree frontal moods.

Crisp, substantial, high-gloss art paper throughout this jet-sex package of erotic dynamite lifts every more-than-teasing detail into near-touch reality.

SEXUAL *ANATOMY* OF WOMEN

If this is the highest-priced paperback you have yet encountered, it is also almost certainly the most startling. No British book for general sale has ever previously shown in full-colour, pin-sharp closeup page by page photographs of the most intimate parts of the female body—and here there are 46 such photographs, each occupying its own glossy page.

The 222 pages of this remarkable pictorial manual produce what is virtually a detailed map in words and pictures (including additional black and white photographs and drawings) of the erogenous zones of the female body. Additionally there are sections and chapters on female masturbation, sex aids, female genital disorders, orgasm, and birth control methods.

The publishers of *The Sexual Anatomy of Woman* explicitly state on the cover that it is 'Not to be handled, seen, inspected by or sold to minors'. Every reader ordering this book is asked to respect this injunction. Please note that all copies will be despatched by recorded delivery.

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HENRY MORGAN

WHO DAT SAY WHO DAT?

This is an old-time thing that used to be up above the back of the bar, here and there. It read thus: VYZDAREZOMMANIMAWRORZZIZAZZIZZANZERORZZIZ? A newcomer would sit there and stare for a while and then ask the bartender, who with a happy grin would say: "It'll cost you a drink." The answer was, and still is, Why are there so many more horses' asses than there are horses? (grammaticked up a bit.)

The question is still germane. Public officials, for some reason, outnumber the rest of us in dimwittedness. There is a strange lure about Government that attracts the niddle-noddle, the slack-brain, the amateur ass.

Now, none of the foregoing has anything whatsoever to do with the New York State commissioner of human rights. I don't need another libel suit. This man happens to be what the kids in the street call a towering intellect, a paragon of perfect psychological persuasiveness, a brain. *En effet,* the public servant *par excellence.*

It just so happens that the commissioner has recently stated that in future, he will prosecute those who tell ethnic jokes.

You read me right, I kid you not. This worthiest of administrators, this excellency of executives, has r'ared back and passed a miracle. He has the legal soap and he is now about to wash brains.

Many's the governing body staffed with schmucks and bounders. Many's the suffering society that grovels before the power of the elected or appointed inept. We are lucky. All we have to put up with is a law against telling jokes about ethnic groups, for Christ's sake.

Human rights, is it? What more basic human right is there, what right more worthy of defending and preserving forever more, than the God-given right to dislike somebody? Or, as in my case, everybody? ' Starting with commissioners?

The Good Book says something about "love thy neighbor." Indeed.

My neighbors have always been, without exception, disgusting, litigious, rotten, mean, backbiting. They have always been members of *my* ethnic group and, to a man, revolting. I can tolerate them. I can live among them, but *love* them? They are creeps, and if I feel that way about them you know how I feel about foreigners. I am a 200% Canadian-American. I abhor everybody, regardless of race, creed or color.

I can't tell ethnic jokes? Up yours, Sam. We'll start out with my all-time favorite. This is the world's leading, A-number one racist, sensitivity joke:

John: "Here's a funny one. Two Jews got off a streetcar, and one turns to the other and says . . ."

David Frankland

Irving: "Why must it always be two Jews. Always it's two Jews."

John: "Okay, I see what you mean. Well, two Chinese fellows get off a streetcar, and one turns to the other and says, 'Listen, Abe . . .' "

What have the numbers 18 and 473 got in common? They're adjoining rooms in a Polish hotel.

They're going to take that away from us? Not in a pig's trotter they're not.

It takes three Romanians to beat one Hungarian. (Romanian saying.)

It takes three Hungarians to beat one Romanian. (Hungarian saying.)

There's a law against *that*? Shove it. Shove it, mac.

What one people says about another is almost always quite true. It doesn't make the other guy bad, just different. And just enough different to make life interesting. Italians and Hungarians and Jews *do* wave their arms when they talk. Germans are methodical, have fat necks, eat sauerkraut, drink beer, and are subject to fits of orderliness and bad government. Most WASPS are prim and prissy and have all the flavor of damp white bread. They live off the poor, are lousy in bed, the Anglicans look down on the Episcopalians.

I'm pretty dumb about a lot of things, so for me it's a pleasure to think of dumb Swedes, dumb Hunkies, dumb Polacks, dumb anybody.

Why aren't Yugoslavs allowed to swim in the Adriatic? They leave a ring.

Do Greeks really open restaurants? You bet-a you ass. Do Chinese have laundries? You tell 'em, kid. Are there a lot of Jewish tailors? And vy not? Hurts *you*? Are Scots thrifty? Take a look at the lousy land in Scotland and see why. Do Armenians sell rugs? That's right, sis, they really do.

So you know Germans with skinny necks. God bless you. And you know a Chinese lawyer, a Scottish philanthropist and a Jewish cuddle-bunny. Well aren't you sweet. You know that all the foregoing are simply cheap generalizations. Would you care for a few expensive generalizations? All right. Blacks have thick lips. Or, if you want to get kinky about it, blacks have thick heads. Irish cry a lot and get drunk. Englishmen are reserved and have plenty to be reserved about. Japanese carry cameras, make things with batteries and take hot baths, both sexes together. Since all Arabs look like Jews, what are they fighting about? Italians hate Irish priests. Irish Catholics hate Italian Popes. You can take it from there.

Pat is visiting Mike in hospital. "Bejabbers, Moike, y'er the pitcher of helt. Whoi, y'll be out of here in a day." On leaving, Pat bumps his head on the doorway. Pat: "Owwoo! How the hell are they going to get the coffin through?"

A farmer hears a noise in his chicken house. He suspects Rastus. He goes to the chicken house and calls: "Anybody in there?" "No suh! They ain't nobody heah but us chickens, boss!"

They want to take it away?

The room is absolutely inky-black. Suddenly, a Mexican-American voice is heard: "Hey, José, batter turn on the light. I theenk this is my seester!"

Against the law?

Potash: "So vy dun't you ever ask me how is bizness?" Stein: "Hokay. So how's bizness?" Potash: "Dun't esk!"

What is that, a crime?

New York City is known all over the world as the Melting Pot. Faugh! Nothing, but nothing has ever melted. Except the pot.

"A priest, a rabbi and a minister are in an airplane. Suddenly . . ."

No more? It's over? Okay, how about this, then.

"Two dachsunds get off a streetcar. One turns to the other . . ."

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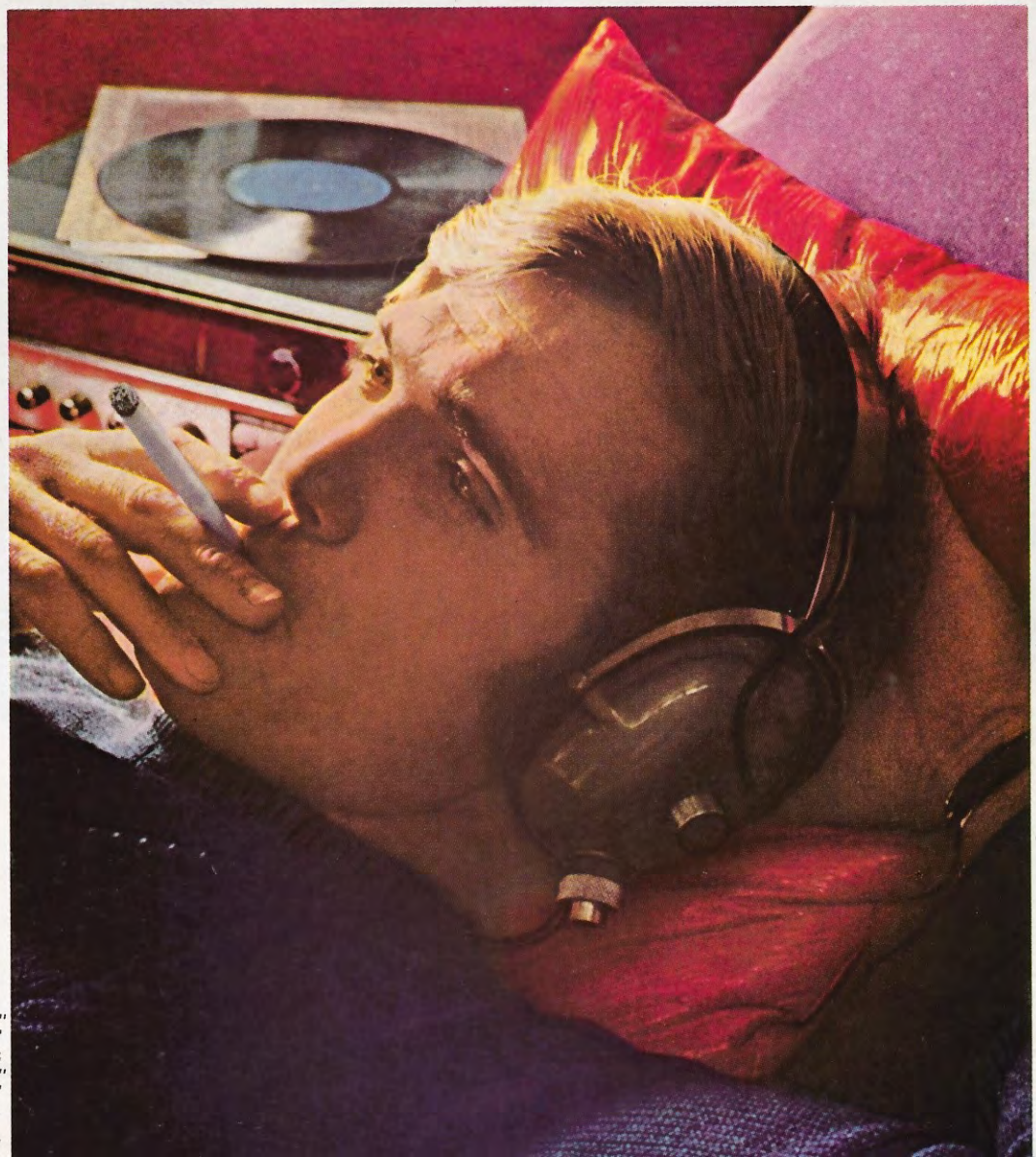
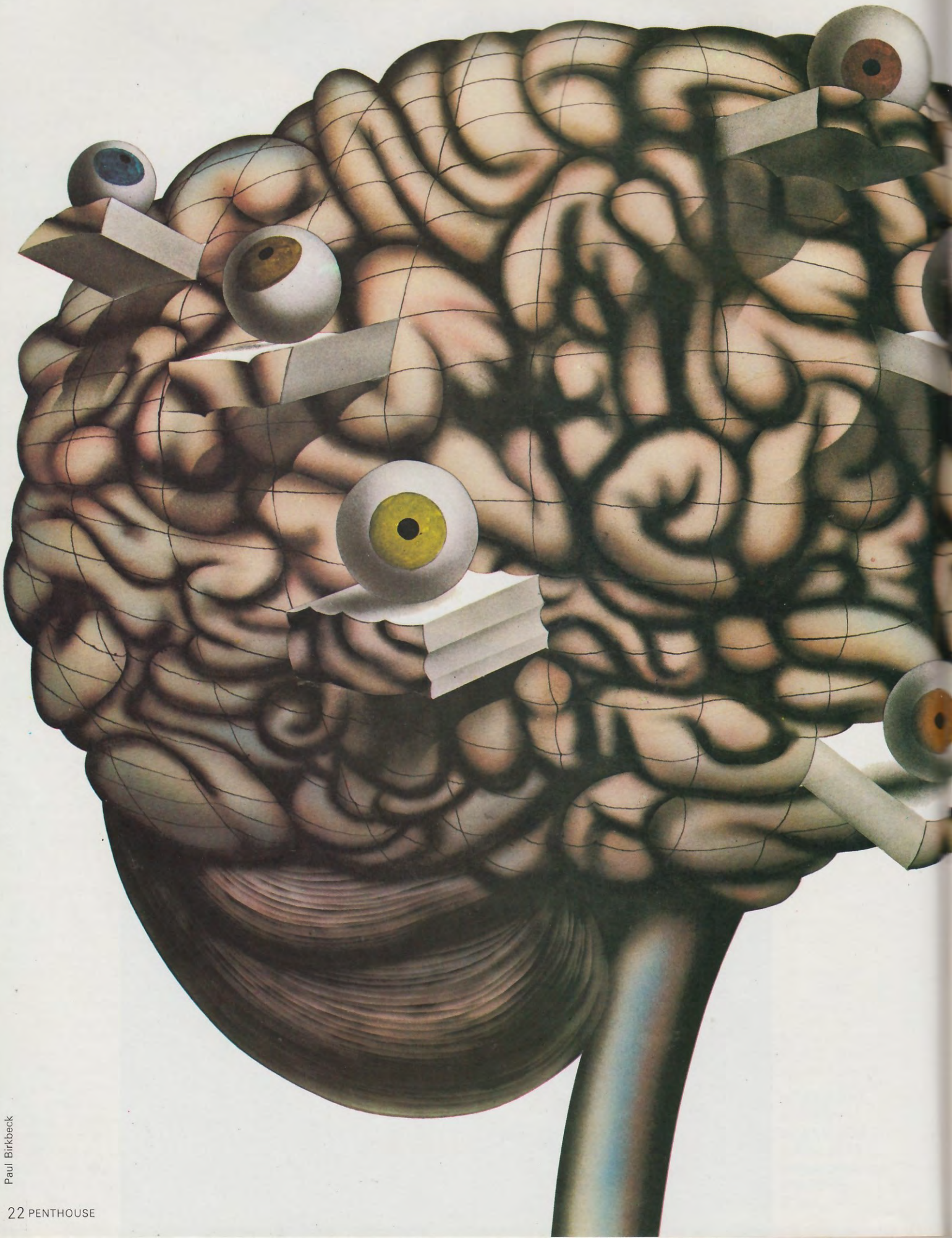


Kings: 17 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine; 100's: 19 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report



Paul Birkbeck

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND

Will scientists ever unravel human memory? A moon landing is child's play by comparison. So far a brain substance called scotophobin is the nearest to a memory molecule

by Isaac Asimov

We stand in amazement at the infinitely vast and the infinitely small. Astronomers deal with quasars that are eight billion light-years away and physicists deal with resonance particles that live for a trillionth of a trillionth of a second. Yet such discoveries sink into insignificance compared with the real wonder of the universe that is part of ourselves.

Each of us carries three pounds of material far more complicated than anything else that scientists study. The distant quasar and the tiny resonance particle are more apt to be analysed in satisfactory fashion soon, than is the soft, grayish mass of material within your skull.

For complexity, there is nothing like the human brain. The brains of elephants and whales are larger, but on the basis of the evidence of things accomplished, the human brain stands without a peer. It contains about ten billion nerve cells and a hundred billion smaller auxiliary cells. Each cell is extraordinarily complicated and is equipped with tiny branching filaments extending outwards in all directions. These living filaments approach each other so that those from two neighboring cells are separated by only tiny gaps called "synapses." Across those synapses, communication can take place by way of chemical molecules and electrical impulses. Each cell can make such connections with up to dozens of its neighbors.

It is the complexity that results from billions of cells in a set of intricate connections that makes it possible to learn, reason, imagine, and create, on the human level. And every aspect of mental activity rests on memory. To learn means to gain new memories. And it is on the basis of those memories, old and new that we do everything else—even create, for no creation is utterly new, but invariably stands on the basis of the old and remembered.

But what is memory? Somehow every sense impression to which we are exposed leaves its mark on the brain; a mark that remains for a longer or shorter time. And somehow, by an effort of will, we can bring up from all these imprints something that is relevant to our immediate purpose.

Few of us are satisfied with the efficiency of our own memory mechanism. Few of us feel that we remember all we should or as quickly as we should; and so we forget the really remarkable feats we accomplish even with a "poor" memory. The mere fact that we can speak reasonably well means that we can remember thousands of words, recall each one as we need it, and recall, too, something of the system of putting them together in such a way that others can understand what we are saying. This, alone, is something nothing else on earth, but the human brain, can do.

How does a particular word insert itself into the memory; the word "brain" for instance? If I were to ask you the name of the object inside a person's skull, you would say "brain" at once, but how did you select that sound from all the different sounds you know the meaning of? Did you somehow check over all the sounds you know and pick out the right one? Did you associate "brain" with "skull"? As soon as you heard the latter, did you think the former? But I might have asked what the skull was composed of and you would have said "bone."

Or suppose I had asked you if "blain" was an English word. You would probably say, no, at once. "Brain" and "plain" are English words, but not "blain." How could you tell? Did you check over all the English words you know and notice that not one of them was "blain"?

These are very simple cases of memory, but they are already enough to stump scientists in the field. The fact is that no one knows how human beings remember. No one knows how human beings recall what they remember.

What does seem obvious, though, is that the capacity to remember is enormous. Suppose we consider the smallest unit of fact, a yes-or-no item, to be a "bit." What seems a single memory may involve a considerable number of bits. For instance, if you can remember your father's face, you can remember whether his eyes are blue or not-blue; whether he is bald or not-bald; whether his face is broad or not-broad; whether his lips are thick or not-thick? Each memory and many more about that one remembered face is a bit. Some estimates have placed the total number of bits a brain can acquire in the course of a long lifetime to be a quadrillion: 1,000,000,000,000,000.

On the average, then, you accumulate ten trillion bits a year and from these bits you have to recall the particular bits you want. If you are ever impatient with yourself for forgetting, then, remember to spend a little time marvelling at the fact that you remember anything at all.

But how can so many bits possibly be stored? To imagine that each brain cell is, for instance, devoted to one bit is ridiculous on the face of it. There may be more brain cells in your head than there are people on the planet but that number still isn't enough. The memory-system must be something much more subtle.

Suppose that a specific memory is not stored in a single cell but that it consists of a pathway from cell to cell. Imagine ten brain cells, each one of which is connected by delicate little fibers to all the others. A tiny electrical impulse can leap the synapses and pass from the first to the second to the third, and so on, until the tenth is reached.

But it can do this by a variety of paths. It can go 1-2-3-4 . . . or 1-3-2-4 . . . or 3-4-1-2 . . . and so on.

The total number of different ways in which an electric current can pass through each one of ten cells after starting from any one of the ten, is, actually, 3,628,800. If 18 cells were involved and if each was connected to each of the other 17, then the total number of different pathways an electric current could take to pass through all of them would be about 6,400,000,000,000,000. If each pathway could represent a single bit of information, then the total number of pathways would be more than six times as great as the total number of bits a human brain could accumulate in a lifetime.

One could imagine a small complex of 18 cells holding a lifetime of memories. Naturally, we would not expect the brain to work in this fashion. Too much would be concentrated in too little. A tiny injury might wipe out all memory. It is much more likely that the brain works with a great deal of leeway for error. Memories might be duplicated 1,000 times over in different parts of the brain. There would be room for it. A thousand different groups of 18 cells, placed strategically here and there in the brain, each one with an independent store of memories, is conceivable at any rate.

Or suppose that instead of different circuits, there are molecules involved. In each of the billions of cells in the brain there are many billions of molecules. Some of these are the rather large and complex molecules of proteins, which are the most versatile materials of living tissue. There are at least a million times as many protein molecules in the brain as there are total numbers of bits in man's longest, largest memory store.

Could there be a different protein molecule for every bit?

Each protein molecule is made up of a string of amino acids of about twenty different varieties. An average protein molecule might be made up of 300 amino acids, each one being any one of the 20. The number of possible different combinations of amino acids is far beyond the merely astronomical. If every protein molecule in every living creature that ever lived during Earth's whole existence were different, it would be a mere pinprick to all the different protein molecules that could exist.

A chain of merely 14 amino acids could exist in enough different varieties to account for four times as many bits as the human brain can gather in a whole life. If every one of those bits was represented by a different 14-amino-acid molecule and the whole thing were repeated 20 times over in different parts of the brain, it would only take up a millionth (at most) of all the protein in the brain.

Memory seems to be divided into two kinds: short-term and long-term. If you look up a phone number, you will repeat it over to yourself and you will then remember it long enough to dial it. By the time you complete your telephone conversation, you may have forgotten it, and you may never remember it again.

If you have occasion to use the phone number periodically, you may find, eventually, that you don't have to look it up. It is now part of your long-term memory. In many cases, items in the long-term memory can be recalled without very much trouble even after years have passed in which you have not had occasion to use the memory.

Suppose short-term memory involves the cell-combinations? Perhaps the act of looking at a phone-number somehow lowers the resistance at certain synapses so that a small current can travel easily along a certain cellular route. As you keep the number firmly in mind, the small impulse continues to spark from cell to cell along that definite route.

If you keep it up long enough, or have occasion to go back to the number periodically, molecules may perhaps be formed and then the memory becomes long-term. On the other hand, if you use the memory only briefly and then turn your attention to other things, the synapses slowly restore themselves to their original state and the memory is lost.

Perhaps the molecules of long-term memory only have a certain lifetime, too. Perhaps every time you use a long-term memory, more molecules representing it are formed, and the longer the memory lasts. Perhaps if you leave even the strongest long-term memory alone for a long enough interval, all the molecules fade out, changing structure randomly and no longer serving as memory. In time you may forget the name of your first sweetheart.

Or do you? Do you really lose memories altogether or does every impingement on your brain leave a permanent trace, even those casual impingements you would think are just good for short-term memories? Is it that you block things instead of forgetting them? There are, after all, constant reports of people who remember things under hypnosis that they had utterly forgotten in a normal state.

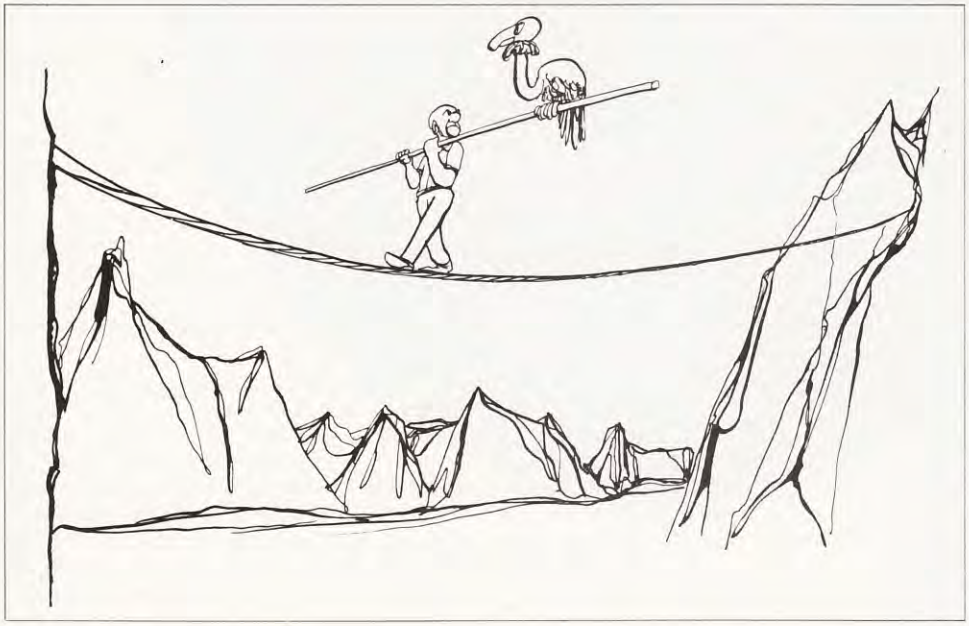
Wilder C. Penfield, at McGill University in Montreal, has actually stimulated such memories physically. While operating on a patient's brain he accidentally touched a particular spot that caused the patient to hear music. He could repeat this over and over. The patient could be made to relive an experience in full, apparently, while remaining quite conscious of the present. It was like playing back a tape-recording. With other patients, he could make quite trivial snatches of memory come back, a person's voice, a casual action; often, it was music.

It seemed a purely random tapping of a memory store.

But if all is present and much is blocked, perhaps it is that the more a particular memory is used, the weaker is its block and the more amenable it is to further recall. Perhaps recall is rapid because you go through memories in the order of blocking. The thinnest blocks are first handled and usually you come upon what you want quickly. It is only when you need something you use only rarely that you must dive down into the thicker blocks, and that takes longer.

Of course, nobody knows of what the block is composed, how it works, and how one breaks through when one suddenly remembers something that seemed to have been forgotten.

How are we to penetrate all these



CONTINUED ON PAGE 80

JASON was a very snappy dresser although many fashions of the day were Greek to him. Then one day in some Aegean boutique he saw a handsome golden jacket. But a big dragon fancied it too and he turned the heat on Jason.

After the battle Jason sat down, wearing his new jacket and feeling a bit sheepish. He wanted to celebrate his victory with a quiet, relaxing smoke. But he had a problem, Gold Bond hadn't been invented yet and so Jason never did find a cigarette to match his jacket.

And one he could buy without getting fleeced.

The search ends here.
Gold Bond. With gifts.

Graham McCallum

SOVIET SPIES IN SKIRTS

The Kremlin maintains an elaborate system for training women as spies, with thorough exploitation of their sexual assets. Many of the details, including the curricula and whereabouts of the schools, are now known in the West

by Raymond Lamont Brown

It is not often that a fiesta atmosphere pervades the offices of Yuri Andropov, the 57-year old protégé of Communist Party Leader Leonid Brezhnev, who runs the Soviet KGB (*Komitet Gosudarstvennoe Bezopastnosti*—Committee of State Security). Yet for some time now the commissariat dealing with espionage in Berlin and West Germany, at KGB Headquarters in the midst of Moscow, across Dzerzhinsky Square from a children's department store and round the corner from a huge bookshop, have been working in a state of mild euphoria: not even the expulsion of 100-plus agents from London has dampened their spirits.

The reason for the delight dates back to last September, when one by one the ambassadors of the US, Britain, France and the USSR, entered the palatial Allied Control building in West Berlin to sign a preliminary agreement on the divided city. For many this agreement defused the "Berlin problem", which since 1945 has been a short fuse to World War III in Europe. American ambassador Kenneth Rush welcomed the agreement "as a sign of the Soviet Union's desire to move from con-

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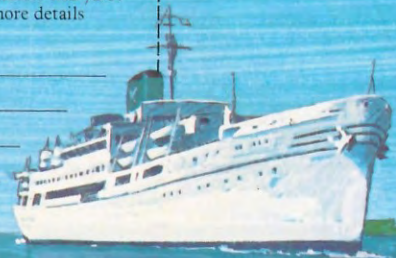


frontation to negotiation". While Soviet ambassador Pyotr Abrasimov countering, threw out his hands and quoted Shakespeare's *All's Well that Ends Well.* And end well it had, for the Soviets had won an acknowledgement that West Berlin is not a constituent part of West Germany, plus the right to open a consulate general in West Berlin.

With this new local headquarters deep within West Germany's diplomatic underbelly, the KGB will be in a better position to keep up the Kremlin's policy of inciting a permanent state of war nerves in this part of Europe. Further, Willy Brandt's embarkation on his policy of *Ostpolitik,* which enables the Socialist West German Chancellor now to submit to the West German Bundestag the renunciation-of-force treaties that he negotiated with Moscow and Warsaw, was an additional godsend for the KGB. In an atmosphere of "let's be friendly and negotiate with the Soviets", the KGB can work faster and more efficiently in laying down their cadres, particularly those of their female recruits.

DOSSIER ON MARIANNE

Since 1945 the KGB has maintained a large apparatus of Resident Network Operators throughout Germany—particularly in East Germany, where the local comrades are even less trusted than the volatile Communists in the West German unions. The case of "Marianne" shows an exemplary picture of how a KGB female recruit works in West Germany. "Marianne", code name for Nadiezhda Mikhailovna Makaryeva, Kharkov-born (1925) daughter of a Russian trade union organizer, arrived at Frankfurt-am-Main in May 1958. By the end of the following month she had slipped quietly into the Western Sector of the former German capital. Her identity papers showed her as Marianne Koch (KGB File No G472903/018P) who had come from the American zone of West Germany to West Berlin, and she was ostensibly on a private visit.

Her KGB assignment, however, was to set up a spy network in the American sector of West Berlin. For the first few weeks she took her time acclimatizing herself. After memorizing all the byways of the Allied sectors of Berlin, she wove a web of restaurant and night-club circuits, which would be good meeting places for collaborators. Marianne was a very attractive blonde and many of the men she met tried to date her; but she kept aloof, reserving her feminine charms for the influential men she intended to meet.

Back in Frankfurt-am-Main, she established herself in a modern apartment block, and set up work in a "Secretarial Service Bureau" which was to be her "cover", "post box" and "meeting place". Here she undertook photostating and industrial photography to justify keeping photographic equipment. For her real business she studied the background of Germans on the KGB list of suitable recruits—homosexuals, perverts, lesbians, students and political idealists all of whom might be persuaded by blackmail or conviction to cooperate. But most of all she picked out those who had been previously connected with the Nazi movement—who had political skeletons they wished to keep hidden in cupboards. Her first victim was an ex-Nazi war criminal using the identity of a dead man. Working in an influential position in a secret weapon establishment, this man supplied blueprints and documents under threat of exposure to the deNazification authorities. Marianne passed his information to Moscow (via a roundabout route alternating between the Scandinavian countries and those of the Warsaw Pact) on microfilm hidden in a shaving brush.

Within six months of her establishment in Germany, Marianne was in control of a network of informers, go-betweens and special agents, and in time another "Secretarial Service Bureau" was instituted. Marianne was successful in building up one of the best Soviet spy networks in Europe—which was to be eventually run by a "less valuable master spy". She was later recalled to Moscow, and as Moscow Secret Service Information (MSSI) reports intercepted by western agents have made no recent mention of her, it is likely that she has now been given a new identity and is active elsewhere.

This case is typical of a KGB female agent, whose recruitment is even more carefully supervised than that of a Kim Philby or a Rudolf Abel. The *Manual of the Soviet Secret Service Orgburo* (MSSSO, Moscow) states that far-sightedness must be exercised in the selection of women spies to avoid recruitment of those "who might prove to be the wrong types because mentally and physically they cannot withstand the difficult situations likely to confront them". Recruitment of female agents occurs at all levels of social life in the USSR, but girls likely to make good agents will more often than not have been first noticed in one of the many women's organizations. The leader of the particular organization (*all* organizations in Soviet Russia are led by a Party member) will pass on the names of likely recruits to the Party Organizer of the local Communist Party cell, who in turn passes the name to the Organization Leader of the Party's District Secretariat to "secure full details about each comrade's private life, relatives, friends, and acquaintances, their habits, hobbies, and any other details that throw light on their character and their life outside the Party" (MSSSO).

All this information is carefully checked and vouched for by the District Secretary, and a dossier is passed to the Cadre Committee of the Central Committee of the KPSS (*Kommunisticheskaya Partiya Sovetskogo Soyuza*—Communist Party of the USSR, the department which decides whether an individual is "suitable"). After being short-listed, a female recruit has to be personally approved by the Head of the Cadre Committee, whence her name is handed over to the Recruiting Division of the Moscow Secret Service HQ. In his book *Women Spies,* the Czech ex-diplomat J. Bernard Hutton notes the conclusion of the first step in final recruitment:

Women are the target for special investigation tests to ensure they are emotionally stable and suitable for a Secret Service career. Hard-hearted KGB officers flirt with unsuspecting candidates, ply them with drink and seduce them. Only a Party-robot type who is unresponsive even when her attractive lover tries to make her say anything disloyal to the State is passed out as suitable for special service. . . .

This occurs, of course, without the candidate knowing that her admirer is a KGB man, for she is first directly approached by her Party Organizer with the usual monologue: " . . . the Party in its far-sightedness and wisdom has selected you for special schooling. You will appreciate this great honour and will do everything in your power to become an outstanding scholar, and not fail your Party that has such great hopes for you . . ." (MSSSO).

SOVIET SCHOOL FOR SPIES

Training for female spies in the USSR begins at the Marx-Engels School at Gorky, near Moscow. Here all entrants are initially interrogated for "suitability ratings" and undergo an entrance examination on general-knowledge topics. During this four-month elementary course no student is allowed to leave the grounds of the school without special permission. Life is organized collectively, and training begins at 07.00 hours with regular periods of physical training and study of such works as the *History of the World Workers' Movement* and the *History of the Communist Party of the USSR.* The hard day's training is completed with homework at 20.00 hours, television at 21.00 hours and bed at 22.30 hours. At the end of this course the students are transferred for practical training to the Lenin Technical School, Verkhovnoye, some 90 miles from Kazan, in the desolate area near the border of the Tatar Autonomous Soviet Republic.

Each practical course at the Lenin Technical School begins with a month of physical training of a commando type, followed by instruction in judo, karate and other forms of attack and defence. Stage Two is the handling of firearms, explosives and sabotage, which brings

students to the "specific tuition and practical training" courses for fundamental espionage in foreign countries. This tuition involves handling poisons and drugs (How to get pliable young Westerners hooked on hard drugs; how to dope victims, etc) and the use of electrical equipment, microphones and apparatus for tapping telephones. Special skills are also taught such as how to "doctor" sound recordings for blackmail and so on. While each subject taught at the Lenin Technical School is considered important, the use of maps, short-wave radio, photography and assassination are deemed the most important of all.

Those graded "suitable for foreign service" after a short holiday as "honoured guests of the workers of the USSR" at Oktyabr Recreation Centre in the Caucasian mountain spa of Kyslovodsk, are assigned to "assessment duties" in Moscow. And here, according to *MVD Information* (*Ministerstvo Vnutrennykh Dyel*—Interior Ministry) pamphlets smuggled out of Russia by defectors, the potential KGB élite are selected. At this stage the girls are subjected to "extra conditioning" with mock arrests, brainwashing and interrogation (to measure how much they can stand). Those selected for foreign service in the English-speaking areas are then sent to the spy school at Gaczyna, some 100 miles southeast of Kuibyshev. Covering an area of 42 square miles, the Gaczyna school is divided into four sections, each set of departments specializing in a country: Dept NW, North America; Dept N, Canada; Dept NE, United Kingdom; Dept S, Australia, New Zealand, India and South Africa.

Here intense English Language training is conducted as well as courses in dialect, voice inflection, cosmetics, cuisine, fashion and acclimatization in exact replica buildings of typical western streets, cinemas, restaurants, offices, hotels, boarding houses and so on. The essence is a total immersion course in a set of characteristic western surroundings using everyday western consumer goods from American cigarettes to British-made sanitary towels. The thoroughness of the course has been shown in the clever integration of such Russian spies as Rita Elliott (Agent A-450110/215G, Esfir Grigoryevna Yurina) in Australia and Eileen Jenkins (Agent B-480822/039G, Tanya Markovna Radyonska) who operated in Britain and Canada.

Since the days of Lenin, the Russians have looked on the average western male as effete and oversexed. Among others, Feliks Edmundovich Dzerzhinsky, founder of the Soviet Secret Service, averred that the best way to a western male's secrets was through his belly and his penis. Thus sexual techniques are highly rated in the training of female spies in the USSR. The databank at KGB headquarters in Moscow, contains dossiers on sexual love and perversion compiled over a long period of time by succeeding officers from CHEKA (*Chrevychainayu Kommissia*—Extraordinary Commission), GPU (*Gosudarstvennoye Politicheskaye Upravleniye*—State Political Administration) and the NKVD (*Narodnyi Kommissariat Vnutrennykh Dyel*—People's Commissariat of Internal Affairs). These files are kept up to date by the various KGB officers working from the Soviet embassies abroad; strangely enough the Russians look on London as the best place to collect information and gossip on America and current sex activities.

DEFECTORS FILL IN FACTS

From these files a "sex course" has been set up in the Soviet spy schools by the KGB (who, incidentally, also supply female "comrade companions" for high-ranking Soviet officials and visiting Communist dignitaries). A preliminary stage in the instruction of female Soviet spies is the "sex scenario" technique. A Swedish businessman, who went to East Germany to demonstrate agricultural machinery, was the victim of one such "scenario". He was invited to his host's hotel room for a drink. He knocked and heard someone say, *Herein* (come in). The businessman opened the door to find the room empty. While searching for the light-switch he felt himself tightly embraced by a naked woman. There was a blinding flash and he was pushed to the floor. Staggering from the room, the Swede went straight to the manager's office; but a search revealed that the room was unoccupied.

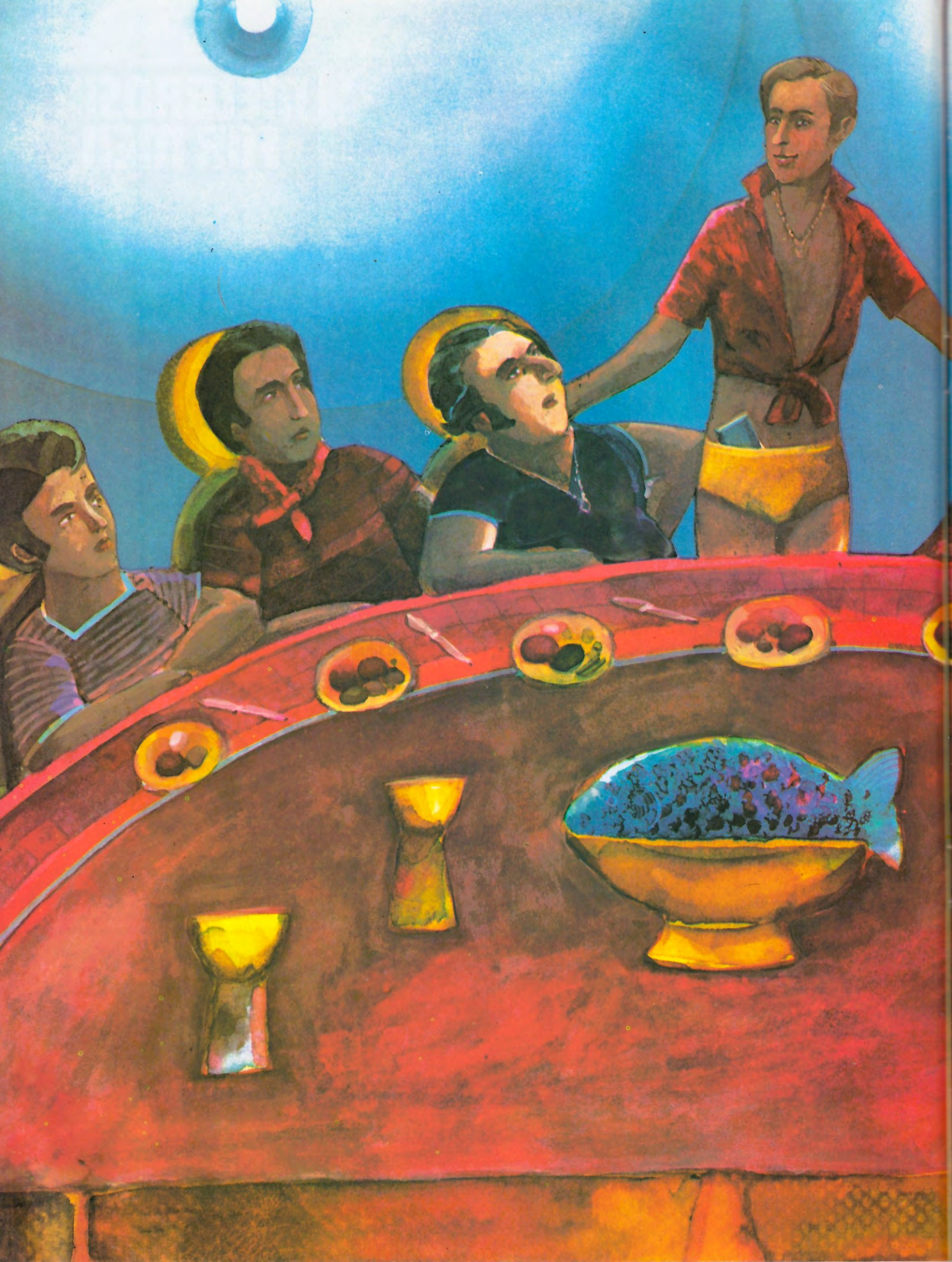
On his return to Sweden the businessman received through the mail a set of photographs showing him embracing a naked girl. There was no letter—no threat, or any blackmail message. The whole affair remains a mystery. The only explanation the businessman can offer is that the KGB trapped the wrong man, discovering their mistake after the pictures had been sent. Left-wing students and trade unionists laugh off the idea that girls are "planted" in hotel bedrooms as "fascist-pig-propaganda". But the Russians never miss an opportunity to compromise VIPs, and people like Commander Anthony Courtney former Tory MP for Harrow East, can prove it—he was a victim of such a Soviet smear campaign.

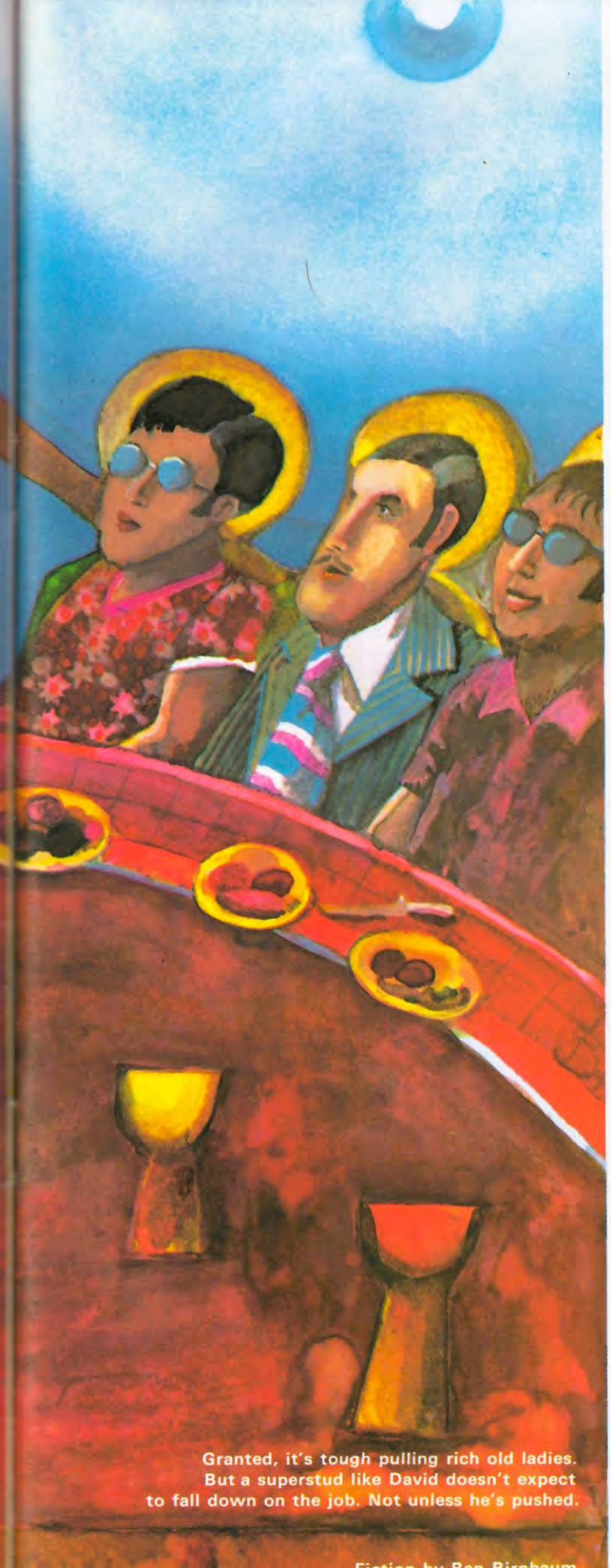
Several KGB agents who have defected to the West have authenticated data on the Soviet sex schools. Telling of his experiences Boris Morros, a counter-spy said: "I was given a tour of a School of Seduction in Moscow. Floor after floor of the school was devoted to training attractive women in the ways of securing secrets and brainwashing

real men

Can *you* be like this . . . confident and assured? Knowing that your poise, personality and performance are right! Knowing too that confidence in yourself really shows . . . to the people that matter. It's not a question of muscle, not merely a matter of brawn. To be the strong, assured centre of attraction—when you *want* to be—comes from *certainty*. Certainty of your own potential. It shows through . . . and gets results! But is just doesn't come—you have to work at it. And the famous Swiss capsules "Melbrosia For Men" might well help you get things moving in the right direction. They have for thousands of men, world-wide. *Arab sheiks, Chinese businessmen and European playboys are all included in the international Melbrosia set. And now Melbrosia For Men has reached the U.K.* They're sold mainly in health stores and cost £1.67½ for a 3-week supply. If you have any difficulty, send £1.70 direct to K. E. Rusby Ltd., Melbrosia Dept., 50 Grays Inn Road. London, W.C.1.

MEN GET WITH MELBROSIA





Granted, it's tough pulling rich old ladies. But a superstud like David doesn't expect to fall down on the job. Not unless he's pushed.

Fiction by Ron Rinehaum

It is hard to be a gigolo. Any woman in Eilat can find herself a free and satisfactory lay at the cafe of the beatniks and soldiers where there are always plenty of attractive and horny men waiting. And even assuming that the gigolo can outmaneuver the stiff competition and fuck the woman, it is only then that the difficult part begins. In the space of one night he must make the woman love him to the extent that she will want to buy him for her very own, and this he must do through the use of oft-heard lies.

"Forget the novel approach," Duddy said. "Don't try and make up a new line. The avant-garde scares them off. What they want is security—not art. Salami—not caviar."

What makes being a gigolo even more difficult is that most of the women you must screw are ugly, and while it is easy to charm a vain pretty girl, it takes a great deal of skill to charm an old illusionless one. But it is often worth the effort. Veteran gigolos advise their younger colleagues to work only with older women.

"The older and the uglier the better," Duddy said. "Don't allow desire to get the better of you. If you should feel yourself weakening, remember the words of the Sages: *In a woman, seek not beauty but a generous heart.*"

Eilat has six gigolos. Once there were seven but one married a doctor and moved to Brooklyn. Six is the perfect number. Eilat is not Miami Beach or Paris or even Tel Aviv. With six everyone makes a living.

Duddy, who was the senior gigolo, had a questing philosophical mind. Once he had studied for the Rabbinate but he had not found fulfillment. He made more money than the other gigolos because, besides Hebrew and English, he spoke Italian and French and sucked men. Sheku, the youngest and newest gigolo, also sucked men but even his English was faltering.

A gigolo's schedule is rugged. He works most of the night, but by early afternoon he must be out of bed and making his rounds, checking with his contacts to find out if they have observed any new women. Every gigolo has his contacts, cab drivers or desk clerks who keep him informed. It takes time to build up a network of contacts. Sheku, who was new to Eilat, had only one contact, a bellboy who was related to him on his mother's side. Since a contact receives a bounty for each prospect he reports who becomes a customer, he gives his information to the gigolo who he feels is most likely to succeed. Duddy had twice as many contacts as any other gigolo, and though this was partly due to his habit of paying his contacts a few pounds over the recognized rate, it also testified to the confidence that the people of Eilat had in his ability.

A gigolo is much like a writer or artist. He works alone, under pressure to produce a product which will satisfy someone's needs, and is at the mercy of public taste. It is lonely work. Unlike the artist or writer, he cannot mitigate the loneliness by identifying himself with a school of stylists. It was with this in mind that, many years before, Duddy had organised the afternoon meetings.

Three times a week, in the late afternoon, the gigolos met at a certain cafe for rich tourists where the fluorescent bulbs were covered with red cellophane. The cafe was known as the cafe-of-the-gigolos-and-tourists. There the gigolos met and drank weak black beer and discussed business and traded stories. "Are the needs of the gigolo any different from those of the plumber or cantor?" Duddy asked. "The plumber finds brotherhood in his craft union and the cantor finds companionship in the choir. Did not the wise Solomon say: *How good it is for brethren to sit together?*"

GIGOLO

Over the years the afternoon meeting became more than just an occasion when gigolos could have the companionship of their fellows. It became a court of law, a place where disputes might be settled privately and sensibly, away from the heat and passion of the outside world. Most often these arguments were over rights to a customer (cow, Duddy said) who had latched on to more than one gigolo (milkboy, Duddy said) in which case none of the claimants received the full benefits of the relationship (all four teats, Duddy said). Duddy usually arbitrated. His rulings were often just and he backed them up with quotations from the Talmud and its Commentaries. "Everything is written in the Torah," he would tell the others, and though they smiled behind their hands, they listened and did not challenge his law. But the main business of the meetings was the exchange of information.

A gigolo with a full schedule (mouth, Duddy said) would pass news of prospects to gigolos who were not as busy. Or if some had customers in two different hotels (stretching the teat, Duddy said) they might trade customers so that each gigolo could work in only one hotel and thus save themselves the trouble of commuting to work (intertitty travel, Duddy said).

Duddy always had a great amount of surplus information which he would share with the others.

"How did you manage to find all this out?" they would ask.

"Akavia ben Mahalallel says in *Ethics of Our Fathers* that if a man tells you he has sought but did not find, you are not to believe him."

Of all the gigolos Duddy was the only one whom the townspeople respected. They could not but respect a man who, like themselves, was serious about his work and who, having started with little more than his bare hands and a burning desire, had built a thriving business, Especially as, unlike most of them, he had done so without benefit of a government subsidy.

"You hear them talking," Duddy said, "*They* came to Eilat. And *they* built it up. They. They. They. Pioneers they call themselves. What do you think was here when *I* came to Eilat? Do you think there was one cow here who would have given you a penny for a fuck? I tell you there wasn't a cow here who *had* a penny to spend on a fuck. But did that stop me? Pioneers they call themselves. At least they had the land. They could see what they were working with. Me? I had to imagine it all. I had to be a visionary."

Those of the townspeople who could not respect, accepted. Those who could not accept looked the other way. They had to for Duddy was proud.

"I saw Grossman who owns the 'Queen of the Desert'," Duddy said. "He was hurrying to shul—late as usual. When he sees me he crosses the street. So I yell: 'Grossman, it's written *Do not judge your neighbor for you are not standing in his place.*' He keeps walking so I run up and put my arm around him. The whole street is watching so I say loud: 'Grossman, we shouldn't be ashamed. We both make our living fucking tourists'."

In theory, any ambitious Israeli citizen who wished to do so, could come to Eilat and sell himself. Many came. Those with principles failed and left. Others stayed. Duddy dealt with these. If they did not succumb to reason, then he made use of a certain police sergeant who had a polaroid camera with flash attachment. A threat of arrest for "indecent exposure" or "perverse acts" was usually enough to send the freelancers home, limp with fear.

Then David came to Eilat. He stepped off the bus and looked around at the city. In one hand he held a bottle of Old Grandad. A blanket lay on his shoulders, and under the blanket he wore a yellow bathing suit. Stuck into his bathing suit, above his privates, was a paperback book (entitled *The Six Great Humanistic Essays of John Stuart Mill*) one dog ear of which poked out above the waist-band of the bathing suit. No one took any notice of his arrival.

On that same day a woman came to Eilat. Duddy was leaning on the "Tourist Services" counter at the airport, watching the passengers as they came off the noon flight, when he saw her. He examined her quickly but efficiently. She wore black mesh stockings over flesh-colored support hose. A porter walked behind her, wheeling four pieces of Samsonite and two wigboxes on his cart.

Duddy went home and took a nap. He awoke early in the evening, ate a sparse but high-protein supper, got into his white bellbottom jeans with the large black buttons on the outside of the fly and went off to work. When he arrived at the hotel the desk clerk told him that the woman was out. "This cow is worth waiting for," Duddy said, and he sat down in the lobby.

When the woman came in she had a blanket over her shoulders. Also under the blanket was a young man wearing a yellow bathing suit. The woman carried a glowing bottle of Old Grandad in one hand, while the other clutched the edge of what seemed to be a book that was jammed into the young man's bathing suit above his privates. They were both laughing as they went into the elevator.

The desk clerk pretended to be reading some papers.

"*The Lord gives and the Lord takes. Blessed is the righteous judge,*" said Duddy solemnly. He laughed loudly. Duddy was not worried. It sometimes happened. "It's a shame, though," he said. "Here's an ugly rich cow and look who gets her. Someone who's only interested in her ass. What can you do? That's fate."

Soon it became known that the young man in the yellow bathing suit had acquired an extensive wardrobe and had moved into a room adjoining that of the rich ugly woman. "Can you imagine how surprised he is?" Duddy said. "He's probably falling all over himself trying to figure out what to do next."

One day the man in the yellow bathing suit disappeared. It was rumored that the woman had gone with him. "He's probably taken her off to some romantic place to court and marry her," Duddy said. "Poor innocent. *The lips of a strange woman drip as the honey comb and her mouth is smoother than oil. But her end is bitter as wormwood—sharp as a two-edged sword.*"

Two weeks later the man in the yellow bathing suit returned to Eilat. He checked into the finest room at the "Queen of the Desert", sent out for a quart of Old Grandad and a box of thin Cuban cigars, and paid for it all from a thick sheaf of American Express Travellers' Checks.

Duddy called the police.

Early the next morning a police sergeant carrying a polaroid camera with flash attachment entered David's room. Behind him, carrying extra film, flash bulbs, and ointment to make the pictures glossy, tiptoed a police private.

The light of the first flash revealed a naked fleshy woman asleep on the bed with her mouth open and next to her a figure beneath a blanket. The private gasped.

"Don't get excited," said the sergeant. "This is nothing." Several flashes later the figure under the blanket, a young man, sat up. "Who is it?" he asked.

"The police."

"What in hell are you doing?"

"Just routine," the sergeant said.

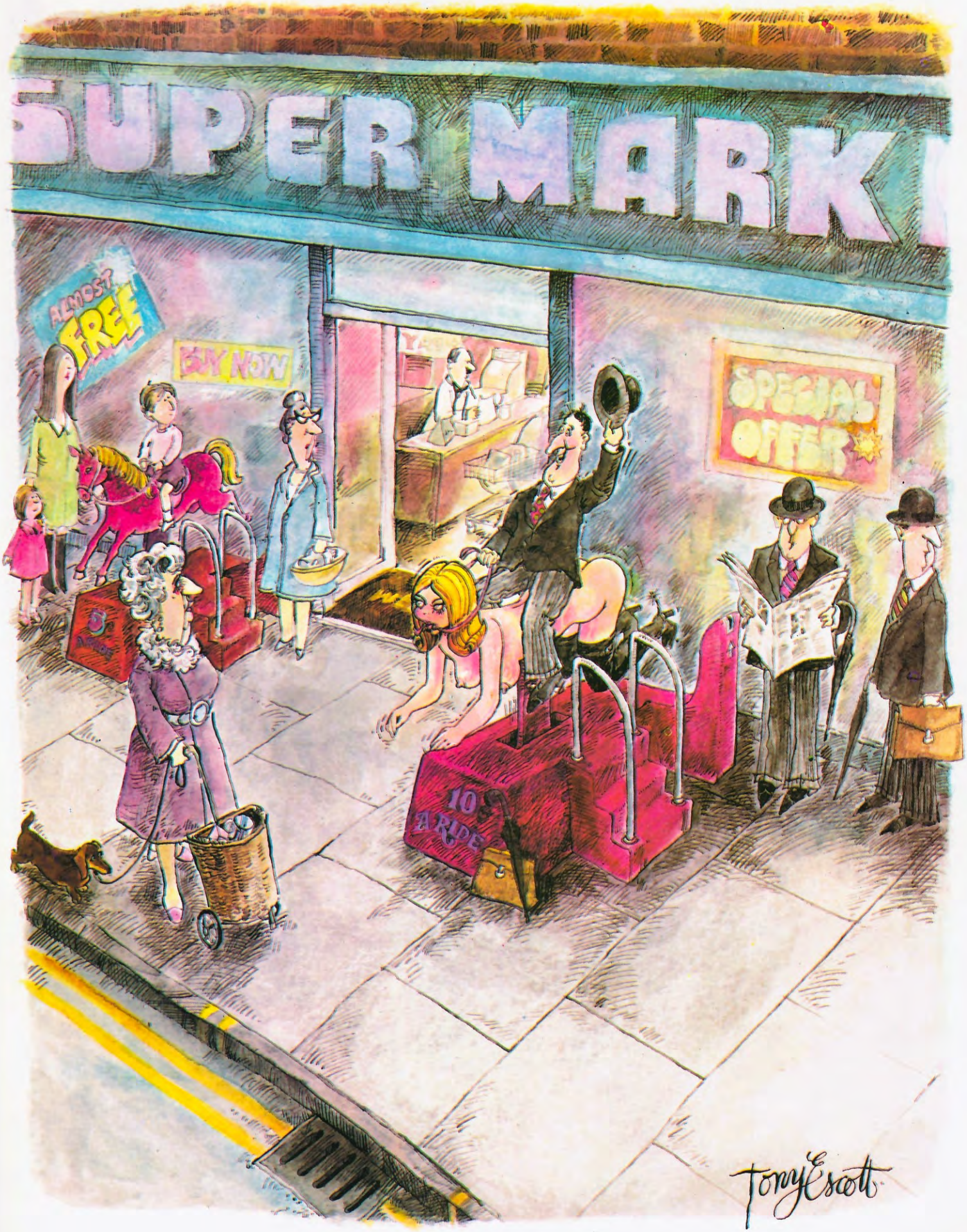
The next few flashes showed the young man smiling and waving.

"Are you trying to make a joke out of this?" the sergeant asked. The woman slept on.

"Would you like some action shots to liven up your album?"

"What a pig," muttered the private.

The sergeant paused in his picture-taking twice to change rolls of film. Finally he stopped. "Go into the bathroom," he told the private. "And put the glossy stuff on the prints. But not too much or they turn yellow." He pointed his flashlight at David. "Get out of bed."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Tony Escott

David got to his feet. The sergeant noted with satisfaction that he was wearing a yellow bathing suit. They had the right man. Just then the private emerged from the bathroom. "Look," he said. He was waving a bottle of Old Grandad "This is what he had in the toilet bowl." He offered the dripping bottle to the sergeant. The sergeant pushed it away with the tip of his finger and turned to David. "Aha," he said. "And why did you conceal that in the toilet bowl? You were afraid we would find it. Is it stolen? Tell us. We'll find out eventually."

"I was trying to keep it cool."

"Let's see your identification."

Quickly David stuck his hand into his bathing suit. The sergeant felt for his gun but David's hand emerged with a dollar-green, gold-embossed, United States of America passport. The world turned black before the sergeant's eyes. He took the passport and held it gingerly between his fingers. It was warm and a curly pubic hair poked out from between the pages. The sergeant shook the hair off.

The pages of the passport were covered with red and blue visa stamps. The sergeant caught his breath when he saw some Arabic writing, but it was only Turkey. On the last page was an Israeli visa valid for six more months.

"We are so sorry," the sergeant said. "A terrible mistake has been made. Had we known you were American we would not have bothered to make this check. We assumed naturally that you were only Israeli. Or you might have been a terrorist."

The woman on the bed sighed and turned in her sleep. "Let's go," said the sergeant. "There's work to be done."

"What shall I do with this?" asked the private, waving the bottle.

"Put it back where you found it." The sergeant waited while the private went back into the bathroom.

"Don't forget the prints," the sergeant called.

There was silence and then a roar as the toilet was flushed.

The private was smiling shyly when he came out. "The water was tepid," he explained.

"Thank you so much," David walked to the door with them. "Do you think," he asked, "you might be able to spare some of those pictures?"

"I'm terribly sorry but the films are police property and I'm personally responsible for every print. Bureaucracy you know."

"Too bad. I would have liked a few for souvenirs. It's so seldom I get a chance to get pictures like these. Taken by a professional."

The sergeant blushed. He wanted the pictures for his private collection, but he needed to appease David. "Give him some," he said to the private. "This one here. That one. No. Go back. Right. And that."

David put the pictures in his bathing suit.

"Goodbye. Good night. Have a pleasant stay in Eilat."

The sergeant called Duddy from the hotel phone. "It's all over," he said.

"What do you mean?"

"He's an American. If he complains to the management and they call up the station house I'm through. I'll lose my job. My wife will never forgive me."

"Calm down. Listen to me. So what if he's an American? Does that mean that he's allowed to muscle in on my business? You're an officer of the law. You tell me. Is an American allowed to work here without working papers? Soon we're going to be letting Americans tell us how to run our country."

"The international situation is very precarious," said the sergeant, "I can't do anything now."

Duddy hung up. He spent the rest of the day reading psalms from a small black prayerbook.

(In the hotel room the woman awoke. She stretched. "I had the strangest dream."

"I know," David replied. He gave her the pictures. "I can have the negatives destroyed for £500 cash.")

Life in Eilat went on almost as usual. Sometimes David had three or four women at the same time but even if the gigolos were not as busy as they had been, still, no one went hungry. Most of them hardly knew David was there. But Duddy knew.

Once he saw David lying on the public beach underneath a woman. Beside them lay an empty bottle.

"Doesn't he have any shame?" Duddy asked the others. Bruno, who was a gigolo with a heart of gold, said: "Maybe he doesn't realize what he's doing. Let's invite him to join us."

"*Hide thyself from a sinner and his ways,*" said Duddy.

David began coming to all the meetings. He came drunk and regaled them with stories of women and strange places he had known. The cafe was noisy with the laughter of the gigolos. Duddy did not laugh. It is written: *One impure joke destroys a hundred lofty thoughts.*

The nature of the meetings began to change. Business talk was drowned in a flow of beer and hard liquor. Duddy did not join in the drinking. In the noise of their carousing he heard the snorts and the rooting-sounds of chaos.

Some of the younger gigolos began meeting David at the cafe-of-the-soldiers-and-beatniks where they would drink till the early hours of the morning, but Duddy was afraid to scold them—afraid that they would not heed him. "I don't understand," Duddy said. "For so many years I've guided them along the path of life and now some dancing devil comes by and they run to follow behind him. I know times change but a gigolo is always a gigolo and there are rules he must follow to be successful. Eternal rules. For instance, drinking. It is written: *Sorrow is a brother to drunkenness.* What can be clearer?"

Despite the writ, business boomed. Not since the High Holy Days had the gigolos been so busy. David, with his loud stories and his generous manners, soon became a favorite of the townspeople. His capacity for drink and women was soon legendary. People he did not know called his name from afar and greeted him with laughter. They brought him more women than he could fuck. Duddy saw that even he did not have as many.

Like other athletes, gigolos have a short prime and are very sensitive to aging. Unlike other athletes, they cannot use splints or tapes or whirlpool treatments. Also there is no need for them as coaches. The end of a gigolo is oblivion.

Duddy lay on his bed in the morning, an electric heating pad under the aching muscles of his lower back, and worried. He worried chiefly about himself. Once, he thought, I was the finest gigolo in Eilat. Now I'm old.

It was very hard for him to think of himself as just another gigolo. He worried about what would happen to the others after he was gone. He feared David would take his place as leader. When Duddy counted his troubles and traced them back to their origins, he saw that they had all begun soon after David had come to Eilat.

Often he devised plans for David's destruction but he could not bring himself to put them into effect. It is written: *There is one judge and he is righteous.*

One morning while Duddy slept he had a dream. He dreamed that he was working and he put his hand down to the woman's cunt but when he touched her pubic hair his fingers were singed. He looked down and saw that a flame burned but the hair was not consumed. Duddy did not understand.

A voice spoke from the flame. "Duddy," it said.

Duddy fell back and looked at the ceiling.

"What's wrong?" the woman asked. "Hey! What's wrong?"

Duddy looked. The flame still burned and he did not know how to tell her. "You're married," he finally said.

"I am," she said. "That I am, but I don't pay you to remind me." And she got up and left.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 54

SHARON

A soulful Pet with
a predilection for Presley
and an antipathy for politicians.

FORM AND REFORM

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

In a decade apparently devoted to personal cool, a very grown-up 19-year-old, Sharon Elaine Bailey admits to one uncool urge: for one night only, she still wants to shake the sheets with the everlasting golden love idol of American pop, Elvis Presley. "And just to make matters worse," she confesses, "I'm willing to pay for the opportunity—

my entire income for the next five years!" Sharon hastens to explain that her unseemly hang-up is really a hang*over* from pubescence in the Presley years. "Unless you're a little girl growing up in the shadow of a Victorian grandmother and you've just discovered that you have breasts and overnight you encounter the electric sex appeal of an Elvis Presley, you'll never know what I'm talking about. What I'm really willing to pay for is that little girl's wonderful dream of growing up—not for anything I necessarily feel now. *I'm* all over Mr Presley, but the child in me isn't!"

Born and brought up in Hoddesdon, in Hertfordshire, Sharon went to Italy at 16 to work as an au pair in Milan. She learned Italian quickly and acquired a taste for traveling. As a Gemini (fickle, intuitive) Sharon has a penchant for older men—"they're stable and I still need a bit of stabilizing"—but believes religiously that compatibility provideth a higher priority than maturity.

"I just can't form light-hearted relationships. I've got very few friends and I change them often." Though not politically minded, our 36-23-36 Pet's pet peeve is politicians. "I simply see them as people. Prime Minister Heath, for example, has as much personal magnetism as a limp cabbage, and Wilson is worse. President Nixon's eyes remind me of the little windows in a one-armed bandit. I'd like to see England run by a black man; only because he'd probably have a greater sense of social tragedy. He might be more sympathetic. And picture Parliament run by disc jockeys instead of politicians. Wouldn't that make England swing again?" From the mouths of babes, etc. etc.

MISS SHARON BAILEY/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

PENTHOUSE CASEBOOK

SEX AND GUILT

A new instalment in an exclusive series based on the clinical records of the renowned sexologist

by Albert Ellis Ph D.

Is sex guilt still rife today? This is a question I am often asked, and I can reply with confidence that guilt has appreciably declined during the almost 30 years I have been writing and practicing. Surveys as well as personal observation confirm the point, *e.g.* the latest findings of the Kinsey Institute for Sex Research at Indiana University. Yet the generalization that Americans and Europeans are less guilty about sex than they used to be should not disguise the fact that plenty of sex guilt still remains.

In this Casebook instalment I shall discuss some of the main forms of sex guilt today and how they can be alleviated.

A sense of dirtiness: Even the Catholic church now tends to acknowledge that sex is good and beneficial, and Carla T., who came to my clinic, seemed to share in this general acceptance. She thought that "sensuality is beautiful, wonderful. One of the best things I've ever had in my life! I really tingle all over and feel utterly great when I make it with the right man!" By "sensuality," however, she meant kissing and petting, with no involvement whatever of her genitals. For they were "sloppy and slimey" and she couldn't bear the thought of a man getting his fingers (not to mention his penis!) "all wet and gooey by going down there." Most things that others find highly sexual, she found revolting; and most of what she liked and found so beautiful, the males she kept meeting found mildly preliminary. Almost every male was at first immensely turned on when she talked about her sex feelings. But as soon as they took her at her word they quickly became disappointed.

Until she went for therapy and allowed herself to discover that even "sloppy and slimey" sex acts could indeed be arousing and satisfying, Carla's sexual queasiness prevented her from developing any intimate relations with men. By contrast Raymond R., a 35-year-old divorcee, had no qualms whatever about any of the usual heterosexual copulative acts; nor was he particularly selective about his female partners. Almost any woman from 14 to 60 would do. What horrified Raymond was that, at his age, and after having been legally married and having had so many female partners, he still had the urge to masturbate. *That*, he defined, as "adolescent and immature." Whenever he resorted to it, he had a severe headache for the next day or two.

At first he was almost incredulous when I explained to him that men usually masturbate at all ages; that such activity is not in the least immature, unless it is resorted to out of anxiety, as an excuse to avoid interpersonal sex activity; and that masturbation has the advantage of sparing the individual from being driven compulsively toward sexual partners which he (or she) would find, on a nonsexual and companionable basis, quite undesirable. Once Raymond saw self-stimulation for what it really is, he remarked after a few psychotherapy sessions: "Why should I spend six or eight hours chasing after the ass of some unattractive grandmother, being bored shitless discussing her problems with her two married daughters who don't love her enough, when I can stay home, read a good book that evening, and enjoy myself for ten

photo by Ron Raffaelli

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minutes jerking off to the image of my beautiful, young (and unfortunately happily married) secretary? Boy, am I happy to be out of that compulsive bag! If I can really get what I want sexually, great! It's really worth an evening, or even a whole day, with some engaging woman. But if not . . . what a relief to be free!"

Horror of sex without love. Perhaps several hundred females have told me that they just couldn't stand themselves when they permitted sex without love, but I almost would never have believed it from a 25-year-old male. Tall, well-built, a resident in gynecology at one of the leading hospitals in the country, he reported as follows:

"I liked her right from the start. I could soon see that she was turned on to me sexually and couldn't understand why I wasn't making any passes at her. But I just couldn't. I kept telling myself that I didn't really care for her that much yet. She even tried to seduce me a few times, especially when we'd had a few drinks. But I always ran out at the last minute, explaining that it was too soon, that I really needed a meaningful relationship before I could hop into bed. I think she thought I was homosexual. Then—well, she got turned on to another guy; they had a ball in bed and now she's emotionally tied to him and can't break it off, even though she still likes me better in other ways and would like to form a permanent tie with me. Meanwhile, I've got really turned on to her sexually—but she's almost completely turned off that way to me. How ironic! Now what the hell do we do?"

Ironic, indeed! Certainly, for most people most of the time, sex is better, preferable, additionally enjoyable with love. But that hardly means that it *has to be* linked with affection; that it cannot be enjoyed *at all* without it. After all, it is normally better to go to the movies, play tennis, and take a trip abroad with someone you love than with someone for whom you only moderately care. But that doesn't mean that these activities *in themselves* are sinful or putrid.

Sex, moreover, frequently *leads* to love (just as love frequently leads to sex). As I have said, to the shock of innumerable puritans for many years, the more promiscuous a person is, the greater number of members of the other sex, in all probability, will that person become emotionally enamored of. This does not mean, of course, that you'd better jump into bed with every potential partner you encounter. Selectivity, too, has its distinct advantages. But if you are attracted to someone, and find steady companionship with him or her reasonably enjoyable, to wait until a *grande passion* hits you may often be far from wise. Becoming amatively involved requires a certain amount of risk-taking. Sex guilt based on the arbitrary notion that you absolutely cannot copulate with a less-than-utterly-adored person may well help keep you from the hell reserved for the promiscuous—but it will also help keep you in the hell reserved for the unloved and unloving.

Unworthiness to accept pleasure: Ronald Z. believed that he was here on earth primarily to do for others; that anything that distracted him from productive activity was a "complete waste of time"; and that though sex was enjoyable, it was really "terribly unimportant" and would not add to his worth as an individual or enable him to respect himself in any way. Why, with these attitudes, did he come for counseling? Not, as you may imagine, because he was doing poorly in his own eyes (indeed, he seemed well on the way to being the only "good" person on earth) but because his wife couldn't stand his "noble" ways. After 20 years of a sexually and generally frustrating marriage, she was all set to divorce him.

I pointed out to Ronald that if he was here on earth primarily to do for others, his wife, obviously, was one of these others. His real goal, I suggested, was to prove how noble, great, and "unselfish" he was—and thereby to get one-up on and presumably be a better person than everyone else. This was hardly "unselfish," as he liked to see himself as being; on the contrary, it was downright egocentric.

"What," I asked this client, "is your real goal in life?"

"Well, uh, happiness, I guess."

"Happiness? I'd say, rather, security. You want to make sure, it seems to me, that you will always do the 'right' thing, and that therefore the Powers That Be will approve you and reward you."

"Maybe so. But what's wrong with *that*? As long as it makes me happy?"

"Not necessarily. After all, some people, such as Hitler, receive 'happiness' by killing millions of others. And others, such as so-called masochists, achieve it by sticking pins in themselves. Do you think that these kinds of people are necessarily right in their pursuits of happiness?"

"No, I can see what you mean. But aren't these people *extreme*? You surely don't mean that I'm in their class, do you?"

"In one significant way, you are not too different from them."

"And that is . . .?"

"They, too, are primarily seeking safety or security. The Hitlers of the world are trying to prove how great they are, and how everyone they hate is so much below them, and that they therefore will practically be the only ones who will be worthy of entering Valhalla. And the masochists of the world are trying to prove how good, how lovable, how humble they are—and in that inimitable way to show how they will be worthy of gaining affectional security and thus achieving nobility."

"And do you think that I'm doing either of these things?"

"No," I said. "I think that you're even more cleverly, perhaps, doing *both*. On the one hand you're being holier-than-thou by working productively all the time; and on the other hand you're also trying to be holier-than-thou by presumably sacrificing yourself for others and giving up nearly all earthly pleasures. If you don't make it one way, you're almost bound to make it the other."

"Except that I don't enjoy myself in normal ways. Is that what I hear you implying?"

"Exactly! As far as I can see you do—or could—enjoy sex, but you take this particular act and arbitrarily define it as 'terribly unimportant' and forego it because, at bottom, you think of what *others* would like to have you do."

"Others? I thought you said that I didn't really give a damn about others."

"I don't think you care for *them*; but you do care for *what they think of you*—or, more accurately, for what you *think* they think of you. For, actually, they probably don't give a shit about what you do or don't do. Like most people, they mainly care for themselves—or for what they think you think of them!"

At first, I got nowhere with Ronald Z. But his wife openly told him that unless he screwed her or otherwise attempted to satisfy her sexually at least twice a week, she was going to resume steady relations with a man with whom she had had a brief affair, and guiltily broken off a few months previously. My previous arguments then began to bear fruit. After several days of acute panic, Ronald came and said:

"I guess you're right. I am *afraid* to enjoy myself, sexually or otherwise. For then I would be just *ordinary*, like *everyone else*. This way, when I keep my nose to the grindstone and keep convincing myself that sex is unimportant, I feel great. For what I am really saying to myself is: 'The more unimportant I make *sex*, the more important I make *me*!' When I saw, by my wife's actions, that I was utterly dependent on her dependency, and that I absolutely could no longer stand her scraping and bowing before me—which I previously thought was exactly the way any good wife *should* be—I realized that I am equally dependent on all kinds of security-building rituals, and that my sex-is-unimportant ritual is typical of them."

"Fine!" I said. "It's too bad you had to learn the hard way; and I'm afraid you're going to have some time convincing your wife that you are at last learning, since she's quite fed up with a lot of your behavior. But better late than never: what do you, specifically, think that you can do now?"

"I'm not entirely sure. I may have the

"Did you say you were warming up a little something for my dinner . . . ?"

thing for sex that so many other people seem to have, or want it as much as they do. I really don't know—I've squelched my sexuality so much up to now. But I intend to find out! With or without my wife, I intend to try every damned thing in the books and out of the books and discover what *I* want. Life is not, I now fully admit, for the helping of others, for productivity, or for anything else that people usually say, at least publicly, that it's supposed to be for. Life is for living! And living includes fucking! Life is for trying out all kinds of things and for *finding out* what one really, oneself, wants. I'm glad that—partly thanks to you—it only took me about 30 years to find this out. The next 40 should be much better!"

Guilt over hurting others: Most sex and love guilt today may well be connected with a refusal to deprive or hurt others. Typically, a woman knows her husband or lover is not for her, but, she insists, "I just can't leave him. It would hurt him too much. If he did something mean or rotten, I'd leave him in a minute. But he's really such a *nice* person." Or a man says: "I know Mary will never satisfy me sexually. When I show her what would really please me, she refuses to even try. But I've know her so long and she's been so good to me that I just can't bring myself to break off our engagement. I couldn't face myself if we broke up and she was miserable."

All this seems to be very loyal, ethical, and nice; actually, it is wrongheaded and self-debasing for several reasons: (1) It assumes that you cruelly hurt another person if you leave him or her when he or she is still closely attached to you. This is mistaken. You *deprive* or *frustrate* this other, but deprivation or frustration only leads to hurt (or depression or suicidalness) when the deprived person firmly believes: "It's *awful* if you leave me! I can't stand it! I'm a thoroughly rotten person if you don't think well enough of me to stay, and I'll probably never be able to relate to a great person like you again!" No one *has* to nonsensically believe these magical, empirically invalidateable hypotheses. (2) You are assuming that just because you *once* cared for an individual, you are obligated to keep caring for him or her forever, and that you are disloyal and immoral if you do not. But what is the evidence for that assumption? Who says that you are *supposed* to love forever, just because you once loved? Why is it "loyal" to remain with an individual for whom you no longer care? What about loyalty to your own sincere feelings of wanting to depart? (3) Even if you are distinctly hurting—rather than merely depriving of your continued presence—the person you want to leave, why is this unethical or immoral? Ethical conduct consists of refraining from *needlessly* and *gratuitously* harming other humans, and not of harming them when there is a clearcut choice between injuring them or yourself. The world is such that you often are forced to hurt someone else rather than handicap yourself if you are to preserve your own life and well-being. You continually, for example, compete with others for academic advancement, for jobs, for a seat in a bus or train, for tickets to a popular show or sports events, and for hundreds of other advantages. And almost every time that you win such an advantage, someone else gets disadvantaged or harmed.

For these and similar reasons, it can be seen that almost all sex guilt is unjustified—even when the person you are thinking of leaving is nice, has treated you fairly, and would be deprived (and quite probably make himself or herself hurt) by your loss. To consider carefully the pros and cons of rejecting such a partner, and to do your best to carry through any rejecting in a considerate, friendly, unhostile manner—that is one of the essences of human politeness and morality. But to go beyond this and to punish yourself needlessly because you no longer thrill to a formerly exciting companion is exceptionally foolish.

Guilt for antisocial acts. Oddly enough, in our present-day society guilt about truly antisocial sex acts seems to be relatively rare. For one thing, such acts themselves are really not that common. How many males, for example, do you know who have literally raped a female, emotionally blackmailed her into having sex relations, been physically sadistic or violent when she agreed to have sex with them? I would wager: damned few!

The question still arises: if an individual commits an antisocial sex act—for example, forces a person to suck him off who has no inclination whatever to do so—should the coercer feel guilty? My answer, despite all the moralists who have said otherwise for centuries, is an unequivocal No. Assuming that the "transgressor" is in his right mind and not under the influence of drugs or alcohol, he would take with himself the same kind of line that I took with Donald F., a 28-year-old patrolman—yes, patrolman—who had callously lied to several girls about loving them and wanted to marry them when he only wanted to have brief sex affairs with them. I told him that guilt consists of two beliefs, one of which is usually rational and the other of which is invariably irrational and unverifiable.

"First, the rational one: 'I did the wrong thing; and that was a bad act.' In your case: 'I lied to several girls and that was lousy and unethical.' "

"But shouldn't that belief make me feel guilty?"

"No: it should make you feel irresponsible, immoral, wrong. The second, irrational belief, is the essence of guilt."

"And what is that—that I shouldn't have done this wrong thing?"

"Right! 'I *shouldn't* have done this wrong deed; it's *awful* that I did it.' You wrongly convinced yourself that you deserved to get to bed with the girl, even if you had to lie to do it. Your grandiose demands set the conditions which practically forced you to lie."

"But was it right, in those conditions, for me to lie?"

"No, it wasn't right, because you took unfair advantage of the girls to get your way; and that is wrong, antisocial, or immoral. So it was wrong. But when you are demanding, instead of merely desiring, you often *will* do the wrong thing; and the main way in which you will probably do the right thing is to give up your demandingness, your grandiosity: 'Because I *want* to go to bed with the girls, I *must* be able to so!' "

"Then I was definitely wrong?"

"Yes, in any of the usual social senses. You were unfair, unjust, lying, and wrong. But your irrational belief says, 'I *shouldn't* have been wrong! I am a total louse or no-goodnik for making this mistake.' But this is drivel! It is clearly *not* against your nature to make this kind of mistake—since, otherwise, you could not possibly have made it. And you are not a total louse for irresponsibly lying to the girls, but merely a person who did several lousy acts. You can easily rate your *deeds* and *performances*, but you cannot legitimately rate your being, your self, your you-ness."

"So, if I were wise, I would accept that I acted badly; conclude that it is most unfortunate that I acted that way; and resolve to try acting better in the future?"

"Exactly! You would stop condemning *you*, would continue to deplore your *errors*, and set down the interesting problem: 'Now, how do I lie less, and make fewer errors of this kind, in the future?' In other words, you'd better honestly acknowledge that you *are* guilty—that is, have indubitably committed a series of irresponsible acts—but not make yourself *feel* guilty, that is, put yourself, your humanity down."

Similarly, I have helped thousands of clients to pigheadedly refuse to make themselves feel guilty about *anything*, even though they continue to be fallible and error-prone. Though a sense of sexual (as well as nonsexual) morality and responsibility is great, and in the long run usually gets you much more pleasure and considerably less pain in your human relationships, a sense of guilt is needless, foolish, and self-defeating. Guilt or self-condemnation is one of the main destroyers of your intrapersonal and your interpersonal relationships. Sex—and life—without guilt is one of the greatest boons you can award yourself. If you think straight!

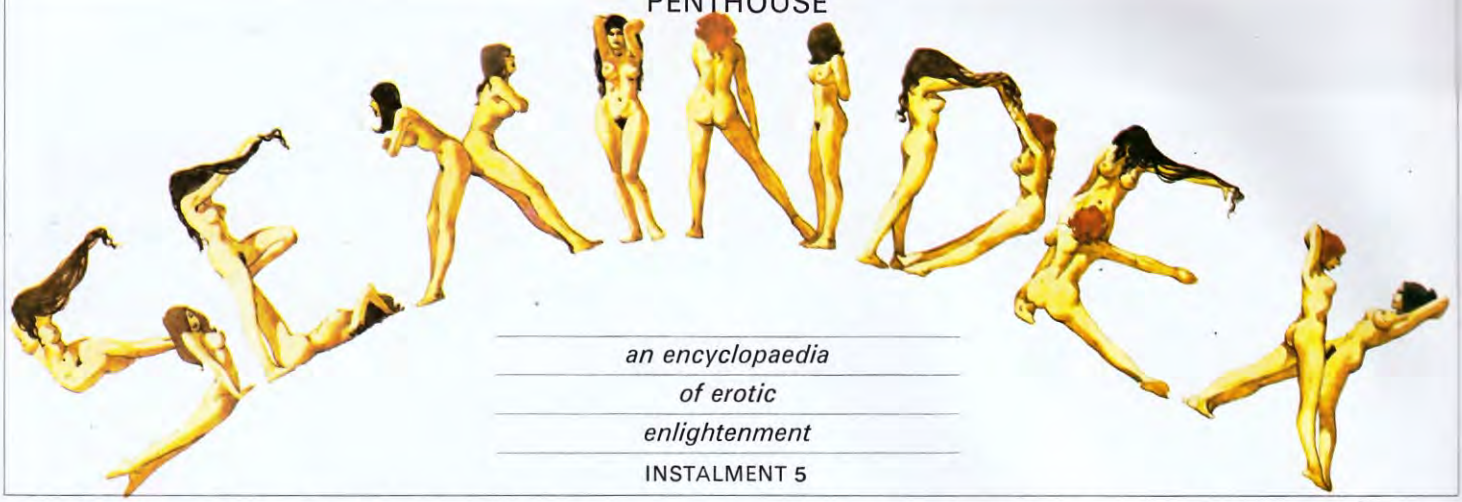
Brian Forbes

A NUDE LOOK COSTS KING RODRIGO HIS KINGDOM

by Pierre Desfonds

A voyeuristic incident at the court of King Rodrigo contributed to the Moorish conquest of Spain, which endured more than 700 years. The king had at his court as a ward and maid of honor to the queen, a 15-year-old girl named Florinda, daughter of the Governor of Ceuta, a Spanish fief in North Africa. Hearing a commotion one day coming from a garden reserved for court ladies the king went to a secret peephole. Looking through he saw that some of the court maidens were having a beauty contest, and had already undressed Florinda. The king was inflamed by the revelation of the girl's nude beauty. From then on he gave her no peace till she submitted to him. But Florinda sent word to her father, who in revenge went over to the Moors, at that time massing to invade Spain via Gibraltar. His defection opened the way to the invasion, and at the decisive battle of Guadalete in 771 AD his brother-in-law, an archbishop, also sided with the Moors. Florinda was so overcome with remorse at the carnage of which she had been the unwitting cause that she jumped to her death from the tower of the Alcazar of Cordova. Despite her innocence, she has been referred to by generations of Spaniards since that conquest as *la cava*—"the harlot".

PENTHOUSE



an encyclopaedia

of erotic

enlightenment

INSTALMENT 5

Byron, Lord (George) (1788-1824): Romantic poet, now better remembered for his outrageous amours. Lame son of an impoverished captain and a Scottish virago, he unexpectedly succeeded to the title and property of the homicidal "wicked Lord", his great-uncle, at the age of 10. Educated at Harrow and Cambridge, then made the conventional grand tour of Europe, during which he swam the Hellespont. He described his travels in *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* (1812) and became a literary lion overnight. Lady Caroline Lamb, wife of the future Prime Minister Lord Melbourne, marked him in her diary as "mad, bad and dangerous to know" and proceeded to pursue him feverishly, dressing as a page to visit him and waiting to waylay him in the street. When she attempted to stab herself at a ball because he was escorting another woman, her family packed her off to the country. Byron meanwhile had acquired a new mistress: his half-sister Augusta Leigh. Though Mr Leigh was complaisant, society was outraged, especially when Byron published *The Bride of Abydos*, a Turkish tale extolling incestuous love. Only marriage could save the day, so Byron upped and wed the cold and prudish Annabella Milbanke, an heiress. But the *affaire* with Augusta continued (they had a daughter, Medora) and after a year Lady Byron fled to her parents. With scandal and creditors pressing, Byron retired to voluntary exile abroad, where he wrote some of his best poems, befriended Shelley, and sired at least one more bastard. His succession of Italian mistresses provided inspiration for *Don Juan* (1819-24): *"What men call gallantry and gods adultery Is much more common where the climate's sultry."* In 1823 he joined the Greek insurgents who had risen against the Turks, and died of a fever at Missolonghi. Byron's poems are still very readable but their main interest lies in their semi-autobiographical delineation of "the Byronic hero": brooding, melancholy, sensuous, of noble birth, and fatally attractive to women, he is the archetype for many 19th century Romantic heroes. Hugo, De Musset, Heine, Pushkin and Lermontov all acknowledged Byron's influence.

Caesarian section: Childbirth operation in which abdomen and uterus are surgically opened to extract the child, performed when prolonged labour would endanger the mother or baby's health or when mother's pelvis is too narrow for normal delivery. With modern techniques it is now almost as safe as normal childbirth. Some doctors advise that a woman should only have two caesarian deliveries, but many have successfully had more. The operation was known in antiquity, and Julius Caesar was reputedly born in this way ("from his mother's womb untimely plucked", as Shakespeare put it) hence the name.

calendar, erotic: The sex calendar derives from the 1920s and '30s, when airbrushed doxies in seamed stockings with cute poodles made their appearance in garages and barbershops. The '30s – '40s style of drawing persisted until the early '60s, though it grew gradually more explicit, with bare nipples and bottoms eventually finding their way through the glossy lingerie. The photographic calendar started with plain stand-up big-breasted nudes, then recently divided into stylish large-format quasi-erotic commercial calendars such as the coveted Pirelli tire company production, and Danish-style porno calendars which are hard to find outside their countries of origin.

Cancan poster by Toulouse-Lautrec.

cancan: Victorian gambol in which girls in voluminous underwear raised one leg in the air and waggled it in time to boisterous music, thereby exposing their frilly knickers and garter apparatus. Reputedly originating at the Moulin Rouge in Paris in the 1890s, the cancan led to the prosecution of the theatre's managers for indecency.

cannibalism: Eating of human flesh, occasionally – though rarely – done for achieving sexual gratification. Krafft-Ebing in his *Psychopathia Sexualis* mentions a labourer who for years had wanted to eat the "fine white skin" of a woman and lurked round a park waiting for a suitable victim. His obsession began at 13 when he saw a beautiful girl with white skin and longed to bite into it. Realizing it would be easier to cut the flesh than to bite it, he carried round a pair of scissors for years but, failing to find a victim, he would cut pieces from his own forearm and eat it. As he chewed, he imagined that it was the skin of a girl, and this enabled him to achieve orgasm. The man suffered great pain while he was mutilating himself, but soon forgot it in his sexual excitement. When he was finally arrested in the park, his body was covered with deep wounds and scars. Ordinary oral sex implies as desire for human flesh, *viz.* "eating" as slang for fellatio or cunnilingus. Erotic cannibalism can be seen as a perversion of this inclination.

cap, esp. Dutch: Contraceptive device for blocking the cervix. Actually the famous "Dutch cap" is not a cap at all, but a diaphragm (qv). The true cervical cap is smaller, made of rubber, plastic or metal, with a high dome and raised rim, and designed to fit directly over the cervix. It should be used in conjunction with a spermicidal cream for extra protection, and more cream should be applied between each act of intercourse. The cap itself can be left in place for several days, even from one menstruation to the next; in any case it must be left in for at least six hours after intercourse to give the sperm time to die. As long as the cap is inserted correctly (not easy to do) and a spermicide used, this method is highly effective, with a failure rate of about 8 per 100 woman years.

carezza (or karezza): Specialized form of intercourse (also known as coitus reservatus) in which the penis enters the vagina but ejaculation is not allowed to occur, and after a while erection is lost. In the 19th century it was formally adopted by the Oneida community in the U.S., and devotees still occasionally recommend it on the grounds of its "spiritual value", as in this partisan description: "Once the necessary control has been acquired, the two beings are fused and reach sublime spiritual joy. If love is mutual, and if intercourse is sufficiently prolonged, it affords complete satisfaction without emission or orgasm. After an hour, the bodies relax, spiritual delight is increased, and new horizons are revealed with the renewal of strength." But apart from the almost superhuman control demanded of the man, doctors now believe the method to be positively harmful and repressive.

Casanova, Giacomo Girolamo (1725-98): Adventurer and seducer, whose exploits are recorded in his long-suppressed *Mémoires*. Born in Venice of Spanish and Italian parents, he travelled widely in Europe, mingling with the great names of the period, becoming embroiled

in impossible adventures, and leaving behind a long trail of willingly seduced beauties. Casanova was an extremely careful lover, though admitted slipping up. A sheep's-gut sheath tied tastefully with a pink ribbon was one method of contraception Casanova used, but it was not his favourite: "Do not think I am going to shut myself up in a piece of dead skin to prove that I am alive" he is quoted as saying to one Venetian maiden. He preferred two-ounce golden balls, made specially for him by a jeweller, which were inserted in the vagina. Casanova's 12-volume *Mémoires* were not published until some 20 years after his death, and then only in an abridged version. The full original text, now in print, is as remarkable for its portrait of 18th-century European life at all levels of society as for the descriptions of his innumerable sexual conquests.

Castalian Order: Medieval religious order in which monks and nuns had to sleep together with only a crucifix between them and "resist temptation". Predictably, many succumbed.

Catharine the Great *(left)* in Leningrad museum engraving. *Right:* Erotic chair-back at Gatchina.

castration: Removal of the testicles and/or penis, a practice common throughout the East where eunuchs were used as harem guards. A description of the operation in China is contained in an 1877 issue of the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*. After the parts to be removed had been bathed three times with hot pepper-water, they were cut off as closely as possible with a curved knife resembling a small sickle. The wound was bound with bandages, which were kept on for three days, during which the unfortunate patient was in terrible agony – not only because he had lost his genitals but also because he couldn't urinate. Usually only the testicles were removed, but if the penis also had been cut off a metal, bamboo or straw tube was inserted later to allow urination. Castration of the testicles as a torture was done by the Chinese in several ways: crushing, searing with red-hot irons, tearing from the body, or binding with a tight cord, which made them shrivel up. In 17th-and 18th-century Italy gifted male singers were frequently castrated before puberty to preserve their contralto and soprano voices. Known as *castrati*, they were enormously popular both in Italy and England; Handel wrote a number of operas for them. Curiously, physiological changes in castrati made their bodies develop far more than other men, so audiences could watch the unusual spectacle of men with striking physiques singing in the highest ranges. More recently, studies of men who have been accidentally castrated have shown they can often retain complete sexual function. Kinsey concluded that, though hormones are lost, "there is no demonstrated relationship between any of the hormones and an individual's response to particular sorts of psychologic stimuli, an individual's interest in partners of a particular sex, or an individual's utilization techniques in his or her sexual activity."

castration complex: In psychoanalysis, a fear of being deprived of the male sexual organs. Associated with Freud's Oedipus complex; a boy infatuated with his mother may be afraid of castration by the jealous father. The condition is said to be found in women too, who – as a result of poor sex education – believe they once had a penis but had it taken away as a punishment.

Catharine the Great (1729-96): Empress of Russia, noted for a sexual appetite which she indulged as decisively as her autocratic rule. German-born, the daughter of the Prince of Anhalt-Zerbst, she was married to Peter, heir to the Czarist throne, at 16. He was 17, and on their wedding night declined to consummate the union. Her affaires, first with Saltykov and then Poniatowski, became so blatant that Peter eventually banished her from the palace. He was then dethroned by a conspiracy and Catharine was installed in his place. She lost no time in proving her ability in matters both political and sexual. One account describes her as "notorious as a fellatrice", and a legacy of her tastes survived up to the Revolution in the erotic carved furniture of the Gatchina palace, near Leningrad, contrived for her titillation by her lover Orlov.

Catharine de Medici (1519-89): Queen of France credited (or blamed) for encouraging perversion at court. Born in Florence, she married one king of France and gave birth to three. Insatiably ambitious, she became the power behind the throne on the accession of her second son Francis II. According to Iwan Bloch: "She introduced into France all the practices, instruments and stimulants of Italian libertinism and popularized them." She also favoured Italian artists who "flooded the country with obscene pictures and sculptures representing the most unnatural crimes in the most seductive manner." Among these unnatural crimes was, apparently, homosexuality. Bloch concludes: "This dissolute princess was surrounded by a court that glorified homoerotic love almost exclusively."

Catullus, Gaius Valerius (c. 84-c. 54 B.C.): Earliest Roman lyric poet, who at 26 met "Lesbia" and began a love affair that forms the inspiration of his finest erotic lyrics. She was certainly married and older than him: probably her real identity was Clodia, wife of the distinguished Q. Caecilius Metellus Celer. Cicero termed her "the twopenny woman" and hinted at an incestuous liaison with her brother. Catullus certainly found her fickle and unfaithful and the confidence of the early poems—"My Lesbia, let us live and love!"—eventually gives way to bitterness:

"O friend! My Lesbia, Lesbia,
Lesbia, loved by Catullus
more than himself and his dearest,
stands in the streets and the alleys,
and fingers the proud Roman rabble."

Catullus also indulged in a homosexual affair with one Juventius and a short narrative poem describes how he caught a young rival with his mistress and turned the tables by seducing him. He died young and only 116 pieces by him remain, most of them extremely short.

celibacy: The state of being unmarried, assumed in Christian civilizations to entail abstinence from sexual activity with the opposite sex. Monks and priests of Roman Catholic orders are generally celibate (though they may have previously been married) since they are attempting to renounce worldly sensations and devote their attentions to prayer and charitable occupations. There has been increasing contemporary pressure to allow Roman Catholic priests to marry, as in earlier times and to this day in the Eastern (Russian Orthodox) communion, but the Vatican remains more impressed by the (traditional, but biblically unspecified) celibacy of Christ.

censorship: Licensing or suppressing of the written word or displays as immoral, seditious etc. Censorship of literature developed as an accompaniment to the growth of printing in Western Europe. In England, a decree of 1538 led to a system of licensing all books before publication, and this continued until 1695. The major instrument of censorship in Catholic Europe was the list of banned books, *Index Librorum Prohibitorum* issued by the Council of Trent in 1564 and periodically revised. It was abolished by Pope Paul VI. Until the 18th century, Catholic bishops were supposed to precensor all books published in their dioceses but sometimes this was not done and the state intervened, making the publication of obscene books punishable by secular power as *"contre les bonnes moeurs"*. Of all European countries from the 17th to 19th centuries, only Holland allowed virtual press freedom, and this was exploited by both English and French publishers for the production of erotica. Anglo-American censorship law derives from the case of Edmund Curll, convicted of obscenity in 1727 for publishing *Venus in the Cloister*. Later cases involving *The School of Venus* (1746); *Fanny Hill* (1749); De Sade's *Juliette* (1830), and *Venus Schoolmistress* (1852) led to the first Obscene Publications Act (1857) and to a legal definition of obscenity as material tending to deprave or corrupt its readers (1868). This definition is still upheld in English law. The Obscene Publications Acts of 1959 and 1964 make publication "for the public good" a defence and allow expert evidence on literary merit. The new law has freed *Lady Chatterley's Lover* (1960) and Paul Ableman's *The Mouth* (1971). It has failed to acquit *Fanny Hill* (1964), *My Secret Life* (1969) and *Oz's Schoolkids' Issue* (1971). The later Act made publishers, rather than booksellers, responsible for books, and allowed a defendant to opt for trial by jury instead of before a magistrate. It is an offence in the U.K. to possess obscene material for purposes of gain, or to cause such material to be sent through the post, or to display it. Obscene books and "horror comics" are prohibited imports.

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GIGOLO

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Duddy awoke. He got out of bed and went to the window and looked out at the sea for a long time. The ways of heaven are mysterious, Duddy thought. He understood that he was being called upon, but for what purpose he did not know.

At that moment David walked by on the beach, a bottle of Old Grandad in his hand.

Woe unto they who rise in the morning to pursue strong drink. Duddy heard the words of Isaiah as clearly as if someone had spoken them to him. Then he understood. He submitted to the will of a higher being. He made no protest. He knew he was only a tool.

Duddy bought a box of saltpeter. That afternoon, in the cafe, Duddy sat next to David. While they were all laughing he put his hand over David's drink.

That night, David walked along a dark beach with a woman. "You're a strange one," she said. "Why do you keep that book in there?"

"It's a very important book."

"Are you going to tell me what it is?"

"See for yourself."

The woman put her hand inside his bathing suit. After a while she asked: "What's wrong?"

"I don't know. This never happened before."

"Are you normal?"

"Of course I'm normal. I'm better than normal. This is the first time ever."

"Hey, are you trying to blame this on me? Don't. Because I'm a goddam attractive woman, and honey I don't stick books where they don't belong."

After a while the woman gave up and went back to her hotel.

In the cafe the next day David told only one story—about a faggot in Nicosia who had lost a testicle to a passionate bite—but even that he told half-heartedly.

"What's wrong?"

"You won't believe this, but I couldn't get a hard-on last night."

"Is that all?" Duddy said. "I wouldn't worry about that if I were you. It happens all the time." And he dropped more saltpeter into David's drink. "What I would do would be to find someone I wanted to fuck for fun."

"But it's always for fun."

"That's probably your problem."

That night, David brought the prettiest waitress in the hotel to his room and failed.

No one saw him for several days. The gigolos became worried and Duddy volunteered to go look for him.

He found David in his hotel room, asleep on the floor. The room stank of whiskey. In the toilet bowl Duddy found a bottle of Old Grandad and he poured the rest of the saltpeter into it.

"As it is written," he said to the other gigolos after describing the scene in David's hotel room, *"Vanity and debauchery have brought man low.* What we've got to worry about is our reputations. Soon people will be saying Eilat gigolos aren't worth a damn."

In David's absence, the tradition of businesslike decorum at the afternoon meetings in the cafe with the red cellophane was soon reestablished.

David came to the meeting once. He was drunk and there was dirt on his face. "I'm leaving Eilat," he said in a low voice. "This is a city for businessmen. It's no place for me. I can't even get a hard-on."

The night David left, the gigolos made a party for him at the cafe-of-the-soldiers-and-beatniks far out on the beach. Wooden tables were set end to end on the sand under the sky. At the head of the table sat David, and near him the gigolos. Everyone in Eilat who wished to came to the party. The mineworkers came and the beatniks and dishwashers and pipeline guards and chambermaids and hash smokers and whores and dockworkers and they sat around the long wooden tables set up on the sand in the darkness. It was said afterwards, and almost believed, that Duddy and the gigolos spent £600 on the refreshments. There was kebab and pita bread, fresh squid, and coca-cola, fallafel, shaslik, black beer, and Marlboro cigarettes. People ate until they were sick. Sometime during the feast Duddy stood up and made a speech which no one listened to. In the early hours of the morning David climbed onto the table. He wore the yellow bathing suit with the paperback book in the front over his privates and he held a bottle of Old Grandad.

He told them many things. He told them of the Japanese "pleasure-houses" in which a man could lock himself away for an entire lifetime. He told them of the leprous whores of Casablanca. He told them of the winds at Tierra del Fuego—how they could kill a full-grown man. He told them of the practices of the opium eaters who entered cellars in the back streets of Singapore and did not emerge for months, and of some who never emerged at all. He told of the fat Chinese tea merchant in Vladivostok whose passion for girls below the age of 13 could never be satiated. He told them of the Negro sailor in Surinam who, after suffering a bad electric shock, had carried an erection 21 months. And he told them more.

There was silence when he finished. David kissed the gigolos and, stuffing a squid sandwich into his bathing suit, turned his steps towards the North.

In the next few years the gigolos received several picture post cards. One showed a wide grey highway and bore the printed message *Greetings from the New York Jersey Turnpike.* On the back of the card was written, "The women here are unbelievable." The card was postmarked Samoa.

Every Christmas Duddy receives a Christmas card with a picture of some animals and Jesus with his parents on the cover. "Some men will remain children all their lives," Duddy said. "It has always been so. Though it's a burden on those of us who are responsible, we must be patient. It is written that when the Messiah comes he will cause *the hearts of the fathers to return to their children and the hearts of the children to their fathers.* I don't see how he's going to do it. I really don't."

"He said 'My God! It's Nixon . . . he's still there!' and then collapsed into a coma."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE ADAMS

Unimpressed by romanticism, this erudite English girl has nonetheless a peerless prospect in fields both emotional and economic.

Super Starr

With cynicism rare for a girl so likely to impress the most chauvinist of males, 21-year-old Celia Starr subscribes to a view of romanticism that is best summed up by H. L. Mencken's uncompromising aphorism: "Love is the triumph of imagination over intelligence." The sensual Celia, whose perusable proportions (36-23-36) add classic atmosphere to the antique emporium in London's Kensington where she works as an assistant, ascribes her unromantic attitude to an early *affaire*. "He promised me everything, and like a fool

I believed it. I came down so hard I could never forget it. I won't ever quite trust a man in the same way again, although that doesn't mean for a moment that I dislike men." Celia, whose eventual ambition is to buy a shop of her own, and run it in conjunction with "a man I may almost love", is a specialist in Regency inlaid tables, and to watch her indentify the bird's-eye maples and mahoganies is an education in itself. Celia may be offhand about love, but we feel that, given time, she has the potential of a super-Starr.

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THE STUFF FROM JEREZ

Photograph by David Dagley/Decanter and glass by Prides of London, Sloane St. SW1.

by Kingsley Amis who joins Penthouse to write regularly about drinks—the kind with a kick

Sherry is, roughly, a Spanish white wine stiffened with local brandy. When you consider how nasty these two tend to be when drunk separately, it's a miracle that their blending produces such a delicious and cheerful drink. That blending, like the whole of the complicated sherry-making process, is done with immense care and skill. I've never found a sherry labelled "Produce of Spain" that wasn't at least drinkable and perfectly wholesome. Some people say it's tough on the liver. I think that's a myth: all alcoholic drinks are tough on the liver if you drink too much of them.

The standard pale dry sherry, the fino, and its slightly darker, slightly sweeter cousin, the amontillado, are the two most popular types these days. Gourmets will tell you that a single glass of either, drunk slightly chilled, is the ideal kick-off to a really serious meal. No doubt. I go for quantity, prefer the stuff really cold, and would happily accept a fino on the rocks. Sherry is a pleasant and healthy change from hard liquor before lunch or dinner. Whatever they say, the only food it goes with well is soup.

The excellent Tio Pepe is the best-known fino, obtainable everywhere at, alas, something over £1.50 a bottle. There are many others which may be less easy to get hold of immediately, but which are well worth waiting for: Garvey's San Patricio at £1.47, or Williams & Humbert's Pando at £1.30. Remember that, though there are no vintage years in sherry, one supplier's fino will be very different from another's, so you may decide that some shopping around is necessary, and fun anyway.

If the straight fino seems too dry for you and the average amontillado a little on the sweet side, you'll find a handy half-way house in Duff Gordon's T.O. Fino Amontillado (£1.47). Among the many full amontillados, which vary from one supplier to another at least as much as finos, M. Antonio de la Riva's Guadalupe at £1.61 is something out of the ordinary, and the same house's Copa very reasonable at £1.05.

A third and less well-known variety of sherry is manzanilla, very pale, bone dry without being acid, and with a salty tang—the vineyards are on the coast. If you like it, you may find yourself preferring it to all other types. Try Russell & McIver's manzanilla at £1.30.

Sweeter sherries, which may be labelled oloroso amoroso, cream, golden or brown, are still sometimes drunk after dinner or with a biscuit for elevenses or at teatime. None of them, in my experience, comes up to a good port, though you may care to keep some by you in case one of your thirstier aunties drops in. If somebody of that sort gives you a bottle of brown sherry for your birthday, you can make a decent and unusual apéritif out of it by chilling it and adding a hefty dash of angostura bitters to each drink.

South African sherries have greatly improved over recent years, but I haven't yet come across one that stands comparison with the genuine Spanish article. And if anybody tries to offer me Cyprus sherry, I give him a dirty look and ask loudly for Scotch or beer.

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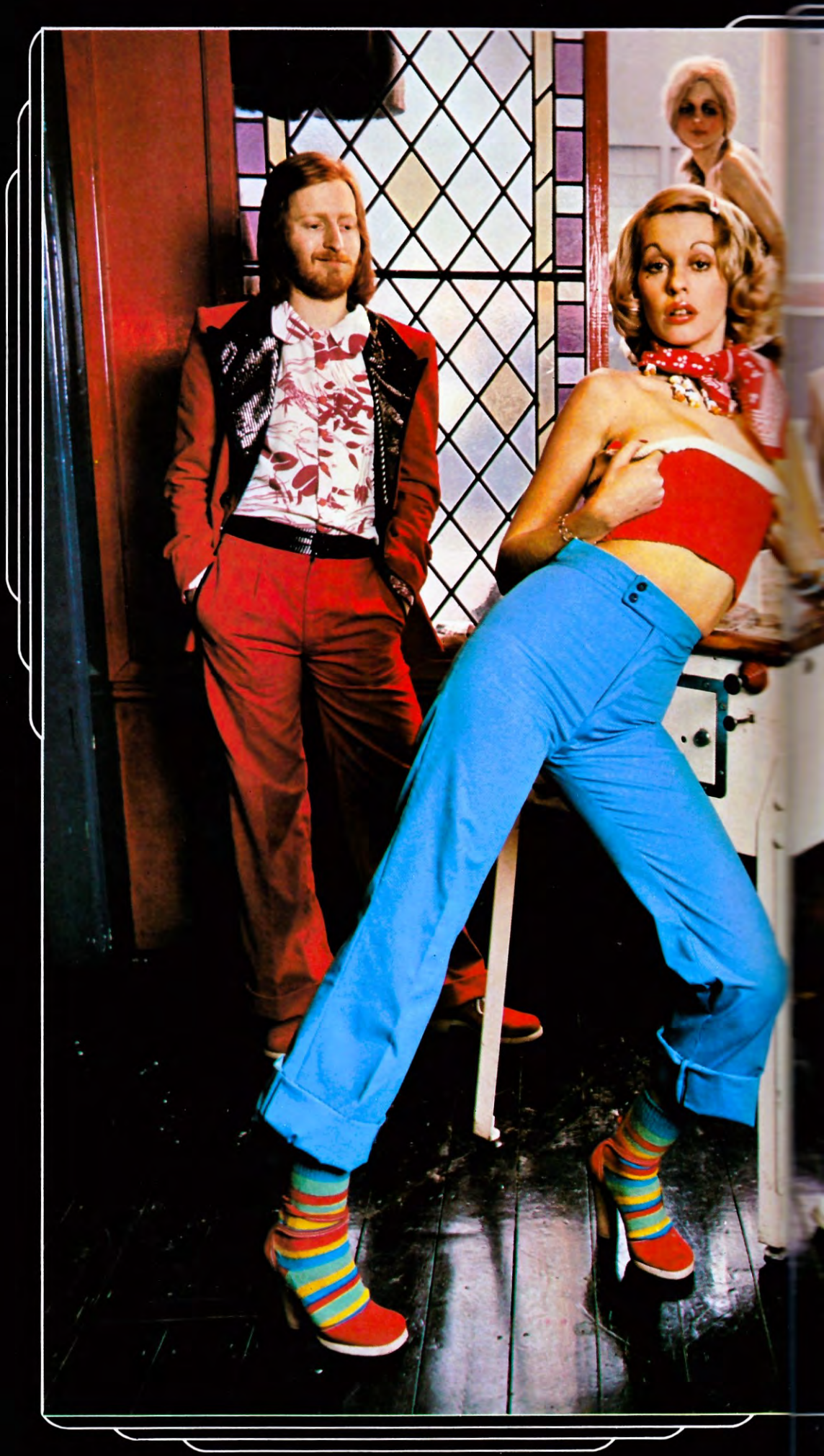
ART DIRECTION BY DEREK BURTON
PHOTOGRAPHS BY AMNON BAR-TUR

RAZZLE DAZZLE

With bright Bill Haley jackets and garish Oxford bags, British menswear breaks through with another far out leap forward.

Bright lightweight yellow canvas jacket with pink buttons, £16 from Alkasura Clothing; check Oxford bags by Harold Tillman for Lincroft, £7.50; lapel brooch by Bali, £1. Pink satin jacket with lurex lapels, £35; lurex shirt, £4.50, both from Alkasura; two-tone leather shoes from Ravel, £11.50. Girl wears pink satin halter-neck top, £4.50, multipanelled shirt, £8, both from Alkasura; and high-heeled sneakers from Zapata, 49 Old Church St, London, SW3.



Red velvet suit with lurex lapels, £42, from Alkasura. Offwhite crepe bandleader jacket, £13, by Harold Tillman for Lincroft, snakeskin satin silver trousers, £3, and spiv shirt, £3.50, both from Alkasura, shoes from Zapata. Girl wears blue canvas jeans, £5, and small '50s knitted top, £2, both from Alkasura.

If ever male fashion was at a transient stage, now is it. The New Wave stylings which emerged in the mid-'50s are finding their then-teenage devotees coming to a kind of maturity which inclines to reject wildness; and this just at a time when the new young element is concentrating on wilder contrast effects than ever. Meantime, there is still on the scene a minority age group who believe that morals died with the three-piece blue serge suit, and there's an army of school-leavers who may produce God-knows what.

The women's trade fashion reporters announce nostalgically that there will be a return to elegance (and what the women's trade is doing this season the men's trade is going to do next). Also, a generation robbed of its military service is sublimating its ferocity in a projection of army and navy symbolism in the design of its civilian clothing.

How can you be specific in such a hodge podge? Let's look at each particular facet and see how each subjects the other to its influences.

The people who led the New Wave revolution in the mid-'50s were at that time around 18 to 20. They are now 30 to 35 and have achieved a relative prosperity and responsibility. You see the effects of their sartorial emancipation in the relaxation of everyday office clothing. You see two-piece ensembles without waistcoats, and body-fit shirts produced with a jacketless approach to office work in mind. You notice the rejection of almost all head-gear except the utterly functional, such as open-car woolly-tops and yachting sou'-westers.

Note especially the trend away from the matching suit and towards the relative informality of "separates" —or what should more logically be called (because that's how they are invariably worn) "togethers". Over it all you see how the application of colour in its most imaginative sense has thrown out the once-entrenched belief that no one could work seriously in what might be regarded as flippant clothing.

The two-piece separates are a complete reversal of pre-war business policy. Then, "sports-coat-and-flannels" was allowed to be worn to the office on Saturday mornings as a concession to the kind of relaxed behaviour likely to be followed later. Now that nobody expects to work on Saturday anyway, and the weekend extends from the post-prandial stupour of Friday's lunch to the tenacious hang-over only relieved by the drink session embarked on around mid-day Monday, we reach the Four-Day Week. Include the leisure time of every evening and the basis for clothes-buying has changed the whole look of the male population.

Now we buy clothes for our own time, not for the boss's. And general acceptance gradually allows the relaxed fashions which people have decided to wear anyway. Theoretically speaking, sports-coats-and-flannels are now worn every day.

And yet . . . the plaintive cry for the "return to elegance" has some logic to it also. Simple reaction (or what could be categorized as the incessant search for something *different*) always ensures that the pendulum swings the other way at last. Because the New Wave concentrated on a market which was (*a*) uninformed aesthetically, (*b*) basically iconoclastic, and (*c*) short of the ready, the image was based on a "look at me" principle which relied on shock and passed up the expense of quality. Now 15 years of such influence sees us ready for a switch.

The "return to elegance" is wrongly named, really. The new trend is a return to an appreciation of good

RAZZLE DAZZLE

technique and good "make". This will mean a concentration on detail, which fines down the whole designing operation and automatically introduces elegance as a willy-nilly ingredient.

The feeling among less thinking folk that "elegance" simply means a return to the subfusc three-piece suit, stiff white collars, black semi-point Oxfords and velvet-collared Chesterfield topcoats, is off the beam. Colour in the wildest forms will not now be rejected. The comfort of stretch and knitted fabrics will not be surrendered so soon after their achievement. Individuality will not be jettisoned in favour of a return to the uniformity of the 1930s—despite the nostalgic call for Oxford Bags.

What is happening is that all the good and exciting features produced by the New Wave are being *retained,* and are having applied to them the extra aesthetic of the old-time attention to craftsmanship. Clothes are likely to become more expensive, of course—but then you were in for that anway. Ready-mades are often costing four, five and six times what a Savile Row three-piece cost in 1940, and that is more than an effect of simple inflation. Trading up generally has transformed male fashion since the Permissive Society realized that much of its leisure fun depended on the image it projected.

"Look at me" styling was the first step in attracting a girl's attention. Once you had her looking at you, you could go on to make the breakthrough.

That influence of sartorial surprise tactics will remain. Colour will simply be reinforced by the "prosperity symbolism" of clothes which are also well made. Flamboyance and craftsmanship will combine to produce an era which will not reflect the dullness of the between-wars period, the tasteless extravagance of the nineteen twenties nor the deadening respectability of the second half of the 19th century. We will have a new "Regency", with that general appreciation of style *and* quality which so far in history made that period outstandingly the most pleasing of all male fashion eras.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53

In the United States, Jesse Sharpless was convicted for exhibiting an obscene painting in Philadelphia (1815) and Peter Holmes for publishing *Fanny Hill* in Massachusetts (1821). Anthony Comstock (*q.v.*) encouraged prosecutions of impure literature and lobbied successfully for the Federal anti-obscenity law of 1873. Halsey's trial for selling *Mademoiselle de Maupin* (1917) resulted in his acquittal and the admission of expert evidence in American obscenity trials. Prosecutions of *The Well of Loneliness* (1929); *Ulysses* (1930); *Forever Amber* (1948), and *Lady Chatterley's Lover* (1959) failed. The U.S. Supreme Court's reversal of the verdict against *Tropic of Cancer* (1964) opened the way to the abandonment of literary censorship on a national scale. European censorship varies—from none in Denmark and proposed abolition in Germany, to complete state precensorship in the USSR. French compromise allows publication but not display, advertisement, or sale to minors of literature judged pornographic. As for the theatre, the English law of 1737, requiring all plays to be precensored by the Lord Chamberlain, was repealed by the Theatres Act (1968). Plays may, instead, be prosecuted as obscene and expert evidence called by either side. Films may be shown without a certificate but the certificates of the British Board of Film Censors give virtual immunity against prosecution. Local watch committees of borough councils may ban the public showing of a film in their areas. In some European countries and in the U.S. church organizations give or withhold approval of films on public display. Precensorship of films by individual states in the US was followed in 1921 by Hollywood's "Hays Office" (*q.v.*). State precensorship of films was overthrown in 1965 by the Supreme Court in two cases involving New York and Maryland. No attempt at systematic theatrical censorship has been made in the U.S. since the prosecutions of Lenny Bruce in 1964.

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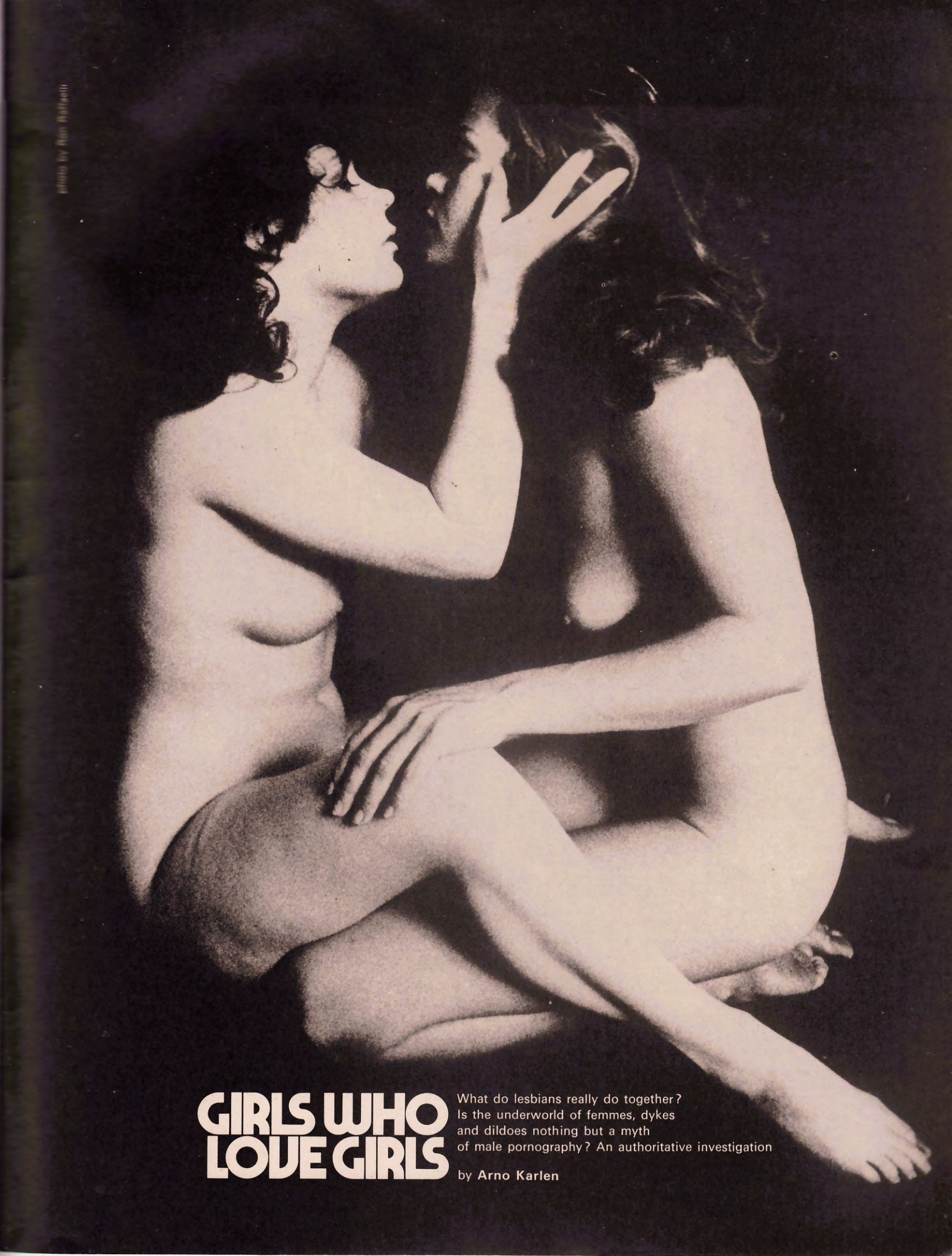

photo by Ron Raffaelli

GIRLS WHO LOVE GIRLS

What do lesbians really do together? Is the underworld of femmes, dykes and dildoes nothing but a myth of male pornography? An authoritative investigation

by **Arno Karlen**

AT an outdoor cafe in Amsterdam all the men stare at a sullen beauty sitting alone in a back corner. She is about 25, with long blonde hair, high cheekbones, and an eerie resemblance to the young Ingrid Bergman. But her vernal freshness is contradicted by an air of defensive ferocity. In discomfort—rigid, face taut, lips locked tight—she avoids each look as though it were an assault. After a while she puts on dark glasses, to escape all eyes. Obviously she is awaiting someone, and his arrival is becoming a public drama.

Finally she is joined by a big, square woman in her mid-forties with close-cropped hair and a tailored suit. Her cheeks and jowls are full, her features coarse, her hands like a wrestler's. Both women wear identical gold wedding bands. The blonde takes off her glasses. She leans across the table attentively, listening and nodding. Her face is transformed, eyes wide and soft, lips slightly parted. Everything about her is open and soft and flower-like. A silent, wondering sigh passes through the cafe. She is the most beautiful and poignant of sights—a lovely woman in love.

That sigh is one of my most vivid memories from five years of interviewing for a book on sex research, though I saw many sights more bizarre. It came from a cosmopolitan crowd in a tolerant city; most were probably no more shocked than I to learn that a stunning and feminine woman was a lesbian. What took their breath away was the familiar humanness of her feelings. World-wise, knowing better, they still felt in their guts that lesbians are a separate species who experience life differently from themselves.

We tend to stereotype deviants, from "dopé fiends" to "dykes". Our society sees lesbians as especially mysterious creatures, and projects onto them fantasies that range from whimsical to grotesque. The couple in the cafe fit the two lesbian clichés that have been with us since ancient Greece—one an aggressive, mannish creature who defies nature's rules of anatomy and behavior, the other a feminine sensualist dabbling in perverse pleasures. The literatures of scandal and eroticism are full of titillating legends of dildos, the artificial phalli with which some lesbians serve each other; of idyllic caresses between schoolgirls, courtesans and odalisques; of psychic and physical hermaphrodites with hairy, heavy bodies, enlarged clitorises and mannish minds; of respectable wives who secretly travesty marital love; of envious mimics of men who stomp about subverting both sexes.

The knowledge that could demythify lesbians was long in coming. The ancient idea of lesbianism as a common but hidden passion, rooted in constitutional bisexuality or inversion, passed into pioneer sex research a century ago, with new scientific rationales. Krafft-Ebing said that degeneration of the genes prevented a human embryo's body and/or brain from developing out of an early "bisexual" phase. According to his theory, a mannish "butch" like the older woman in Amsterdam was a physical and psychic hermaphrodite; the feminine "femme" was only a psychic hermaphrodite—a jargon version of the old saw, "a man's mind in a woman's body". Other scientists said only some lesbians were born that way. They separated homosexuals into "innate" sheep and "acquired" lambs; the former were victims of flawed genes, the latter of debauchery or "moral insanity".

A generation later, Freud put a revolutionary emphasis on emotional development and family influences, but he too accepted the traditional idea of instinctive bisexuality. Heterosexuals, he theorized, repress or sublimate their homosexual drive. In this, Freud looked backward in time rather than forward.

Such inherited wisdom went almost unchallenged in its new clothes. Krafft-Ebing complained in 1901 that, though studies of male homosexuals were already numerous, fewer than 50 scientific case histories of lesbians were on record. In the absence of evidence, he and Freud guessed that there were as many female as male homosexuals. If they were less visible, it must be because women were more secretive and could easily show affection without rousing suspicion.

Accurate information didn't appear until Kinsey's *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female* was published in 1953, and in one stroke it discredited millenia of folklore. Among the myths it killed were:

1. Lesbians are as numerous as male homosexuals. Only 2 or 3% of American women are exclusively or primarily homosexual, compared to 4 to 6% of men. One woman in eight ever has a homosexual experience to orgasm, compared to one man in three. In every society that has been studied there are more male than female homosexuals.

2. Homosexuality is increasingly common. Despite a minor "sexual revolution" in the 1920s and a lesser one in the 1960s, despite changes in women's life style, despite more public sex talk, homosexuality has not increased among women or men since the 1890s. A recent duplication of Kinsey's college-age survey shows no increase since Kinsey closed his ledgers two decades ago. The cry that perverts are multiplying dates back to the second generation of man. It should be viewed as a reflex noise unless substantiated.

3. Lesbianism may lie hidden in the housewife next door. Lesbianism is most common among the never-married, less common among the formerly-married, and almost non-existent among wives. Marriage almost always ends casual lesbianism, and few confirmed lesbians marry or stay married. Some women turn to lesbianism after a marriage ends. But only one married woman in 100 ever has homosexual contact to orgasm. The normal-looking lesbian housewife is a fantasy of scare-mongers and of homosexuals who see the world through gay-colored glasses.

4. Lesbians make love with dildos. The lesbian's dildo is largely a product of male pornography. The dildo is more often used by straight women for masturbation. Lesbians tend to progress over the years from petting to mutual masturbation to cunnilingus; some enjoy an occasional "grind", or "rub job", rubbing pubes together. Most lesbians want a fake penis as little as they want a real one.

5. Lesbians are mannish. The most important fact that emerged from Kinsey's work is that the majority of lesbians are as womanly in their behavior as straight women. Most lesbians, like most straight women, tend to look down on sexual aggressiveness as unfeminine and shameful. Like straight women, they have fewer bed partners than gay or straight men. They find love at least as important as sex, and are more likely than gay men to carry on long courtships, love relationships and domestic lives. A minority of lesbians dress and act "mannishly"—but not in truly masculine fashion, any more than effeminate men are genuinely feminine. The majority follow typically feminine sexual and social patterns.

Recent research has upheld Kinsey's emphasis on most lesbians' femininity and femaleness. A very few people are physically hermaphroditic, but even most of these are predominantly male

or female and show the appropriate sexual preference. Another small number—transsexuals—have reversed gender identity. Female transsexuals, though physically normal, believe they are men trapped by nature's mistake in the wrong body. They may seek sex-change surgery and try to live as men. And another tiny group, transvestites, are physically normal women and know it, but they dress as men and try to pass as men.

Such disorders of sex, gender and sex-role can be independent of homosexuality as we usually think of it. The commonest deviance is reversed choice of sexual object—homosexuality. It usually does not involve hermaphroditism, transsexualism or transvestism. There is no reliable evidence that it has a physical basis. The human embryo is not bisexual, but undifferentiated; it becomes either male or female. The idea that dual sex instincts lie in us from birth like hot and cold water taps is out of tune with modern biology and psychiatry.

Sexual deviance is uniquely human. In lower animals, sex depends on innate programming, encoded in the genes and carried out by a neuro-endocrine "wiring" system. No animal is homosexual except under special laboratory or domestic conditions. But man is born with his programming unfinished; he must complete it through social learning, not a foolproof process. But since nature and society encourage humans to finish their programming by learning heterosexuality, the question is why some people see homosexuality as the path of least resistance. Many homosexuals, though, prefer to blame their genes or constitution, for to do so is to blame fate. To blame learning, or adaptation, implies the possibility of choice and change.

I hear an odd mixture of views from two intelligent, cheery young professional women, whom I will call Carol and Edna. They have been lovers for several years and share a flat in suburban London. I ask them what they think causes homosexuality, and they answer with a blend of 19th-century and modern views, of insight and blind spots.

"I've felt involved with boys," says Carol, "and I almost married once—though if a boy had ever said he was passionately fond of me, I'd have run a mile. It took me a long time to admit that I could never have a good relationship with a man."

"It was very different for me," Edna breaks in. "I couldn't have been fixed as homosexual from a younger age. At two or three I already wanted to be all dirty, and didn't want to get into dresses. I was always with boys and never liked girls at all till I grew up. I reckon I had a hereditary disposition that was reinforced by my upbringing."

"I don't think there's a single cause of lesbianism," Carol resumes, "but I believe I'm homosexual because of my mother. She's a repressed homosexual herself. If one doesn't have a mother who can accept her femininity enough to be a mother, one lacks the mothering instinct oneself. But in Edna's case it does seem to be genetic. You can understand a pairing like us. My type is due to bad mothering and isn't masculine, and we're usually attracted to women who take a masculine role early in life for genetic reasons."

From their talk, one would expect a butch-femme pair like the one in Amsterdam. The extreme butch may wear fly-front trousers, men's shirts and flat shoes; her clothes conceal her buttocks, and she may bind her breasts to flatten them. Her hair is cropped. In public, especially with her femme, she acts out the masculine stereotype of aggressiveness, independence and emotional control. The femme may seem unremarkably—or even remarkably—feminine. She literally and figuratively lets her partner wear the pants. If both have long hair, the femme's is a bit longer or is waved. If both wear feminine clothes, the femme's are frillier. The butch holds the femme's coat, opens doors for her, lights her cigarettes, takes a dominant role.

"The extreme butch may wear fly-front trousers, men's shirts and flat shoes. Her hair is cropped and she may bind her breasts to flatten them."

But Edna and Carol dress and act almost alike—both somewhat but not strikingly butch. Both have slatlike bodies and pageboy haircuts; both dress in loose levis, loafers and men's shirts (at home, not at work). Only subtle signs of social and emotional dominance show Edna to be a bit more butch than Carol. But to them that makes Edna the "born" homosexual, the "real thing".

Edna quickly adds, though, "Some couples consist of two butches. In any case, the butch-femme distinction often doesn't mean much in bed." This is common knowledge in the gay world, and is equally true of male homosexuals. Janice, a pretty and feminine-looking lesbian in her mid-twenties, explains: "I'm butch, but I take different roles with different women. I've lived with one girl for five years, and I'm butch with her. I've had a secret affair on the side for two years, and with her I'm the femme." Butch and femme, then, are social and

psychological roles that dramatize emotions and relationships. They are clearest in the subculture of the lesbian bars.

For every dozen or so gay-men's bars, there is one lesbian bar. Most women feel timid about sexual cruising in public places and about hanging out in bars. A small proportion of lesbians take part in the bar life—often, it seems, the most psychologically disturbed. The gay world, for both sexes, has a veneer of hysterical buoyance and melodrama over a core of depression and sexual obsessiveness. Janice has spent many years in the bars, and when she rattles on about them, what is most disturbing is the fact that her frantic, brittle chipperness stays unbroken by the horrendous anecdotes.

"The older, experienced dykes in bars are really tough. I've seen them start off young girls on junk and then pimp them to men. They pick up one-night stands with young femmes, some of them 15 and 16, who are there hustling clothes, food and drinks. I want to be dead at 30, not a lonely hag chasing young girls and paying them off. The bars are so tough—I got rolled in a gay bar for the first time at 18. The girlfriend I had then was very violent. Beatings, police, the whole thing. I married a gay guy, and she threatened us, put sugar in the gas tank of our car, harassed us. I got so that I was afraid of being butchered in my sleep. The guy and I broke up after six weeks. I had another girlfriend, a hooker I met in a bar, who beat me up all the time, tried to knife me and hit me with bottles, and threw peroxide at my eyes. She had 40 stitches in her from fights with other dykes. She tried to commit suicide once or twice."

Such accounts of brawls, alcoholism and suicide attempts fill lesbian-bar chronicles. It can make one forget two important facts. First, the great majority of lesbians never get involved in that world. Second, the gay bar is more than a sexual hunting ground and an outlet for violence; it is a second home where the gay can drop their social masks, gossip, enjoy a sense of belonging, and share a minority-group ideology of oppression and hidden superiority. And not least important, they can act out the butch-femme ritual parody of straight roles.

When sociologist Rita Bass-Hass studied a gay bar in depth, she found that the "fish" (femmes) bragged about going steady and being dated up by "studs" (butches). The fish were anxious not to be thought "sluts"—easy to get for one-night stands. A fish who had slept around could shed the slut stigma by turning stud, winning a new start in the gay life. Studs, on the other hand, were expected to be aggressive and promiscuous. They bragged of their conquests, of winning girls from other studs and from men. They denied ever having been fish, whether it was true or not. The whole bar community scorned the stud who, becoming involved with a more aggressive stud, fell back to a femme role. And all held in contempt the girl who was "kiki" (pronounced kuy-kuy), switching back and forth from fish to stud.

In short, everyone held the masculine role in higher esteem. Gay men scorn the other-sex ("faggot" or "queen") role. Both sexes, then, give the masculine more prestige. This bears out again the normal sex-role behavior and attitudes of homosexuals. In our society, and in most or all other societies in the world, the masculine role has higher prestige than the feminine role.

Bass-Hass's picture of the lesbian subculture pattern resembles that of gay men's. Lesbians enter the gay world after "coming out" (accepting and acting out a homosexual identity). By talk, dress, manner, the new lesbian announces to herself and the world, "I'm gay!" At about 30 she finds that competition with younger girls is getting tough, and she starts narrowing her social life to cliques composed of steady couples that meet in private homes rather than public places. Like the gay male who retires from the youth-worshipping bars, she stops flaunting her homosexuality and plays roles less emphatically. At 40, Bass-Hass believes, lesbian cliques start breaking up, and couples become isolated. At this stage, the end of a love affair may mean trouble finding a new partner. Like the gay man, the lesbian finds a measure of truth in the maxim that nobody loves you when you're old and gay.

The role-playing of homosexuals is most striking in prisons. Psychologists David Ward and Gene Kassebaum have studied inmates at Frontera penitentiary in California and found that only five of 293 women considered lack of sex the hardest thing to endure in jail. The commonest problem was lack of home and family. Women, more than men, get their feeling of worth from their roles as lovers, wives, parents, children. Unlike men, they have no adolescant "gang" patterns to fall back on. Lesbianism at Frontera made the prisoners feel like women by filling these special feminine needs.

Though only a small minority of the women had entered jail as lesbians, half had at least one lesbian involvement in prison. The butch-femme pairings often evoked male-female and mother-daughter relationships. In some women's prisons, all-female pseudofamilies develop. Sociologist Rose Giallombardo learned at Alderson prison in West Virginia that although 5% of the women had been exclusively homosexual on the outside, 75% of the prisoners belonged to lesbian "families".

A family grew out of a butch-femme nucleus. A femme was a "mommy" and a butch was a "daddy". If a couple broke up, the butch might tell the femme, "I'll be a brother to you". They became brother and sister. The stud's next femme lover found herself with a "sister-in-law"—the stud's previous lover. Or when a pair split, the stud might say, "I'll be a father to you". When the femme began another affair, her new partner inherited the previous stud as a father-in-law. Families grew as large as 15, including parents, children, uncles, aunts, nephews, nieces and cousins. Incest taboos were scrupulously observed. Once a family role was established, it survived even sex-role changes. For instance, if a femme turned stud, she remained the sister (rather than becoming the brother) of her old siblings. Families survived the strain of "divorces", and "parents" were the undisputed leaders of prison society.

At first these families sound like grotesque oddities, irrelevant even to the lives of most lesbians. To the contrary, they are excellent examples of how homosexuality becomes for some people a survival mechanism, an adaptation to a threatening environment. The needs underlying the adaptation are utterly familiar, ordinary, even conventional.

Also, these pseudofamilies illustrate two of the most important points in modern sex research. One is that there is no such entity as homosexuality, no such person as the homosexual. There are many homosexualities, each reflecting different needs and motives. The second point is that motivation is often the key to truly understanding sex. Freud was right in saying that sexual motives underlie much nonsexual behavior. But the converse is equally true: nonsexual motives lie behind much sexual behavior. In fact, it is precisely when we understand the motives of lesbian behavior that it

loses its air of mystery, of differentness, and becomes disarmingly familiar.

Grasping motives may even make one remove the "homosexual" label from certain acts. For instance, two adolescent girls may make love for reasons far from erotic. I have spoken to many straight women who got into bed with a girlfriend once or twice at camp or at college to try kissing, caressing, perhaps mutual masturbation. They were not really genitally aroused, at least not when they started. Their motive was curiosity about themselves. They were thinking, "What do I feel like to a man when he caresses me, feels my breasts, feels me respond?" Having satisfied their narcissistic curiosity, they were done with "homosexuality".

Regressions to child-mother relationships explain other excursions into homosexuality by straight women. A 35-year-old married woman says: "When I was 18, I fell in love with a guy and gave him my virginity. The next day he deserted me for another girl. I thought I'd die. A dyke was living in my dorm, and she seduced me by comforting me and taking charge of my life when I was feeling helpless and demoralized. I put up with the oral sex because she took the active role. After a while she began pushing me to reciprocate, and I was starting to go out with guys again, so I broke off with her. That was my only lesbian experience."

The things that cause casual homosexual behavior in heterosexuals lie, in stronger form, behind confirmed homosexuality. Narcissism and the need for mothering were pointed out by Freud as elements in homosexuality, and decades of clinical experience have confirmed him. We have all seen the narcissistic projection of a little girl with a doll: she pretends she is her own mother and the doll herself, and she gives to the doll the love she wants from her mother. Maternal caressing and breast play are very important to many lesbians. Some openly identify their partners with their mothers. Narcissistic projection explains the attraction many homosexuals feel to young people who remind them of themselves in youth.

To keep re-enacting a sexualized mother-daughter love scene suggests a terrible early deprivation. Many lesbians do have cold, angry, withdrawn or competitive mothers; and there was no warm, strong father to fill the affectional void during the early years of life. This fits Carol's words—poor mothering producing a passive femme.

> "The older, experienced dykes in gay bars are really tough. They start off young girls on junk and then pimp them to men. One girl had 40 stitches in her from fights with other dykes."

This type is portrayed in the extreme in the character Childie in *The Killing of Sister George.* She is a weak, dependent, woman-child with the manner and mien of a hopelessly deprived little girl.

Some Childies vacillate between men and women. Some turn to lesbianism only after learning that men cannot give them what their mothers lacked—as the woeful Childies learn, few men make good mothers. Their lesbianism, in fact their sexuality in the broadest sense, is based on something most heterosexuals have felt—needing to be held and comforted, and accepting sex as the price of cuddling. A shrewd, aggressive butch sees easy prey in the hurt, helpless woman in pain over the bitter end of a heterosexual love affair or marriage.

The married woman who had a brief college affair with a butch revealed other background elements that appear in many confirmed lesbians. Her mother was a competitive, harshly antisexual woman who fought to keep a monopoly on the love of her husband and son. The daughter's Oedipal competition with her mother for the love of the men of the family was deep, as was her fear of punishment for being lovable. Such guilt and fear may be aroused by first intercourse or childbirth, and the woman flees heterosexuality with the unconscious childhood reasoning: "If I am sexy and win a man's love, it would be like outcompeting my mother for my father and brother. Mother would hate and punish me, and I would hate myself."

Generalized sexual guilt is widespread among homosexuals, and many had parents who harped on the sinfulness of sex or pretended it didn't exist. Some turn to homosexuality with the unspoken reasoning: "I'm being good, I'm not doing dirty things with boys. But no one ever said anything about other girls." Their lesbianism is a sneaky disobedience that consists of obeying only the letter of the law.

The Sister George butch is no more mysterious than the lovestarved Childie. In fact, they are alter egos. Patsy, at 18, is a "baby butch" on the way to becoming a hulking dyke like the one in Amsterdam. But she hasn't gone the route yet. She is almost obese and wears baggy jeans, baggy sweater and scuffed loafers; but her hair is a scraggly pageboy rather than cropped, and her face has not yet hardened into a defensively hostile mask. When she relaxes, her face is that of a desolate little girl. Her mother, she says, died when she was in her early teens; she

then had crushes on a series of older women. Now she is becoming more aggressive, adept at seducing more passive and feminine girls. Her face lights up when she describes these conquests of her old shadow self. "With gay girls," she says revealingly, "it isn't so much a sex thing as with gay guys. It's more an emotional thing. Like domination."

Janice, who spent years in violent gay bars, also alternates between dependence and a compensatory need to control others. Like many people with such conflict, she fears having others dependent on her. "I have a kid, and I always drop her on my parents and go out in the evenings. Maybe that's why I don't want my breasts touched in bed, it's like a baby making me be mother. I'd never breast-feed a child, it's horrible. Maybe it sounds like I'm the baby. I can't seem to break up with anyone, no matter how much we fight or how much they beat me up —even though I'm butch myself. I need someone to take care of me."

Patsy and Janice illustrate one psychiatrist's dictum that "behind the facade of a bulldyke there is a three-year-old girl screaming for her mother". The butch masters her passivity by denying it, like the counterphobic who climbs mountains to prove he fears nothing. Patsy realizes that she is undergoing the shift from passive femme to dominating butch, but some butches do an editing job on their past; after a while they have so well censored their early feelings of vulnerable weakness (which they equate with femininity) that they think they were born butch. Such denial of vulnerability is the motive behind some straight women's lesbian adventures. I have spoken to a number of very aggressive, power-driven showgirls and dancers who periodically prove how little they need men, and how they can control women, by seducing other girls. Just as mothering is more important than sex to some women, in other cases it is dominance and power.

Alfred Adler and, more recently, many neo-Freudians, have stressed the fact that we equate femininity with dependence, weakness and appeasement, and masculinity with freedom, power and superiority. If a girl feels unloved—especially in comparison to brothers—she may conclude she is a loser in life because she is "only a girl". She struggles to win in life as a man among men. Her mental formula is: "If you can't beat them, join them". If a girl feels that her parents favor a prettier sister, or if the mother herself competes with the daughter as a female, the result may be similar: she gives up on "winning" in life through feminine means. She becomes a butch whose low opinion of women and overvaluation of masculinity show in her posture, facial expression and body language. Long ago, Adler said that such "masculine protest" can produce a lesbian or an angry feminist with menstrual troubles and relative frigidity.

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Many aggressive, power-driven showgirls and dancers periodically prove how little they need men by seducing other girls.
One to two thirds of prostitutes are homosexual outside their work.
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Many people equate lesbianism, prostitution, and militant feminism; this obscures more than it explains. Homosexuality is the result of many factors working together—narcissism, maternal deprivation, masculine protest, exaggerated power and dependence strivings. Where they abound, lesbianism is likely to be present. Such factors are also present in many prostitutes and angry feminists. The radical feminist movement has probably always contained a disproportionate number of antisexual, unmaternal and homosexual women. And casual and long-term lesbianism are widespread among prostitutes and strippers. Studies of prostitutes have shown from one to two thirds partly or exclusively homosexual outside their work.

But prostitution, frigidity and feminism are no more simple and uniform than lesbianism. Each has many styles and motives. Each may be done differently, and for different reasons, at different periods in one person's life. The conditions may overlap or be utterly unrelated. Similarly, we have seen that many of the items that form the classic background of many homosexuals exist in heterosexuals as well. The great advance of analytic psychiatry in recent years has been to show the differences between the many homosexualities.

Studying the roots of lesbianism can make it seem a pitiable psychosocial malignancy. The bar life, with its pugnacious studs and many emotional casualties, heightens the impression. But few lesbians go about in drag, and probably the great majority live at least superficially stable lives. Though they are over-represented in some occupations—show business, the armed forces, perhaps teaching, nursing and factory work—they fill a wide range of jobs. On the basis of over-all adaptability to life—their ability to love, work, sustain relationships, avoid self-destructive behavior—some are as healthy as many of the straight.

It was a courageous, radical reform in Freud's day to judge sex in terms of sickness and health rather than virtue

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and sin. Now we should finally drop sickness and health and speak of general effectiveness in life. Some lesbians, aside from their sexual preference, are effective. Even so, most researchers agree that probably more homosexuals than heterosexuals fall toward the bottom of the adaptiveness scale than toward the middle or top. The conflicts that create homosexual behavior often operate in other aspects of life as well.

Lesbians pay an immense cost for their orientation. Most live double lives, telling endless lies at work, to family and friends, wearing an asexual mask, concealing their deepest feelings. They suffer loneliness and alienation as friends date, marry, have children. Maureen Duffy, an English lesbian novelist, told me, "Sometimes butches are beaten up by young roughs, spat at in the street, fired from their jobs. Publishing is a pretty liberal profession, but one girl lost her job at a publishing house because she was seen with me in a pub at lunchtime." Phyllis Lyon, one of the founders of the homophile movement in the U.S., said, "We've always had trouble getting lots of women to join under their real names or even answer anonymous questionnaires for research projects."

It is not legal sanctions that make most lesbians live in fearful secrecy, for the police rarely bother them. Having grown up in society, they have internalized its values. Just as they have learned to be feminine, they have learned that gay is not good; they must struggle to escape self-hatred. Their course in life is so difficult that it must be viewed as a compulsion rather than a choice. And there is no respite from such trouble in other societies; this, in fact, is the strongest argument against the theory that "only society makes the gay neurotic". No society, past or present, has said it's as good to be homosexual as heterosexual (popular myths about ancient Greece to the contrary). Nowhere is homosexuality the preferred result of the child-rearing process. All humans live in societies, and all societies weight the scales in favor of being straight. One cannot say our society is wrong; one would have to say all human society is wrong.

Our traditional anxiety about sex in general and deviant sex in particular has left us with too many questions and too few answers. Sex research is still in its infancy. Lesbianism is especially underresearched. Perhaps that is because it is less threatening to the social order than male homosexuality. Not only does masculinity have more prestige in human society, it is more fragile; as we saw, there are apparently more male than female psychosexual casualties everywhere. Perhaps it is because males start life identifying with females and subordinate to them; then they must switch to a dominant, masculine role, and always run the risk of regressing under stress. Furthermore, a man with sexual anxiety can't perform in bed; a woman can give a minimal performance and even rationalize her unresponsiveness as feminine and moral. In other words, a woman must reach a higher level of sexual anxiety before being forced to say, "I cannot function heterosexually." But in this, as in other things, we still need more facts, more research, more analysis.

> **"Research has shown that lesbianism differs according to race. Black women tend to turn lesbian later than whites, after a bad heterosexual experience."**

Recent research suggests that the family backgrounds of female and male homosexuals are similar, but this too needs more study. Also, research has drawn too much on white, middle-class subjects. Bass-Hass's lesbian-bar crowd was biracial, and the two groups were strikingly different. The white women "came out" younger and had almost no heterosexual experience. The black women were much more likely to have tried heterosexuality and then retreated from it in disappointment. The motives and life-styles of lesbians from different ethnic and class backgrounds may vary, and understanding how would tell us a lot about the way society molds us all sexually.

More knowledge will also permit better therapy for the troubled. Psychotherapy, like mathematics and surgery and corporate law, is as much an art as a science, but it does improve as information and insight accumulate. Many therapists now reorient one third and partly reorient another third of homosexuals who stay in treatment. Many homosexuals can't change or don't want to, but many avoid trying only because they think it impossible.

In coming years the mass media will probably jumble lesbianism, feminism, minority rights and changing sex roles, in their usual rush to make hot copy out of complex problems. Our era talks a lot about sex but prefers a pose of amused knowingness to fact-finding. The result is often pseudo-educational entertainment that bolsters old myths. Sex research usually shows how much others are like oneself.

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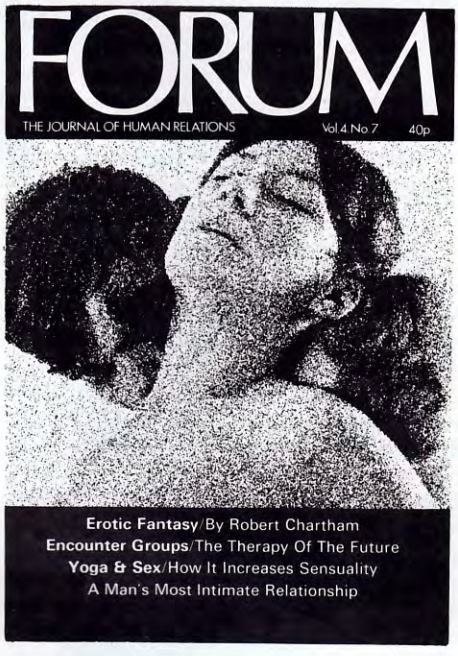

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BY JOHN MENDES

SUNNING WITHOUT SKINNING

By the end of winter most of us are at a pretty low ebb. The harsh spring sun pops out, and reflected in a shop window we suddenly see the awful truth: not only are we overweight (we *are* working on that, aren't we?) but the face is puffy and white and the eyes are like the wellknown puddles in the snow.

Convention demands that men should have a suntan; it makes them look healthy even if they are not. So a suntan we must have, real or artificial. The easiest way to that genuine golden-boy look is via an ultra-violet lamp, available, as they always say, from all good-class chemists at upwards of £12. The ultra-violet rays attack a substance called melanin under the skin which darkens to produce the tan. This is actually a defence mechanism of the body (always keen to look after itself even if you won't) but, whether you are dark or fair, take it easy when you start with a lamp. Ultra-violet rays give no sensation of heat (that comes from infra-red rays) and one minute under the lamp is ample for a start. You feel nothing after that one minute, but a few hours later the skin starts to redden. Slowly, as the skin tans, you can build up the time spent with the lamp.

Citizens who have started with as little as five minutes have lived to regret it in hospital. Also, always shut your eyes or wear dark goggles. Concentrated ultra-violet is bad for the sight and can do permanent damage.

Even without a lamp it is possible to start a tan in the spring. Find a wind-free spot—in a garden, on a balcony or flat roof—and stretch-out in the buff when the opportunity arises. When the sun is not actually out the ultra-violet rays can still cut through thin cloud and do their stuff. You might also like to try a gadget called a Sunarama: it is a metal reflector which concentrates the ultra-violet rays from a weak sun and focuses them where they can do the most good.

The only other way of getting a quick natural tan in spring is to fly to some Mediterranean holiday spot. But even then you cannot go dusky in a couple of days. No more than 15 minutes on the beach the first day, and less if you have a fair skin. A little exposure regularly often does the trick. The safest time to sunbathe in a hot climate is early morning and late afternoon when the sun is low in the sky and its radiation must traverse a thicker atmosphere which will filter out some of the burning rays.

Before going into the sun stick on a good suntan oil or cream. They work by screening out some of the *burning* rays and usually rely on an ingredient with the simple little name of 2 hydroxy 4 methoxy-4 methyl benzophenone. One of the best is Ambre Solaire (the stuff has been practically a religion on Mediterranean coasts for years) and it now comes as an oil, a cream or a mousse. Then follow these rules:

(1) Keep moving; swim, fool about with beach balls, perambulate and admire the birds—who knows, they might even admire you. Beach activity (no, the patrols won't let you do *that*) helps prevent drying of the skin; (2) After a swim, re-apply the oil or cream. The things are not as waterproof as some makers think, and the sun can be particularly unkind to salty skins; (3) Don't be fooled by a cloudy day. True, there will be less ultra-violet about, but still enough to warrant the usual protection; (4) Remember to avoid the mid-day sun; (5) Take only short spells in the sun for the first couple of days; (6) The sun has a drying effect on the skin. Use a moisturizer, like Après Soleil, in the evenings.

So much for the real thing. But there are ways of cheating. One way is to use a staining agent which will wash off with soap and water but withstand a certain amount of swimming. Try Estée Lauder's Go Bronze, Rubinstein's Sun-in-a-Minute, Leichner's Island Tan, Guerlain's Teint Dore, Arden's Bronze Glow, Coty's Sunshimmer, Fabergé Brut After Shave Tan, That Man Bronzer or Braggi's Face Bronzer—but not all at once, please. Just rub the stuff on and there is an instant tan. It is not a real tan offering protection against the sun, so when the time comes for sunning you must start from scratch. Bear in mind that She (the one you meet in the bar who swims like a dolphin and rides like our very own princess and does everything else to the same perfection) will think you a right phony if the stuff comes off in an intimate moment.

More scientific are the products, not stains, that work on the melanin under the skin and tan it. Damned clever, you must admit. The stuff takes a few hours to get going, but the result is very natural if you are careful. This means applying the oil, cream or mousse evenly so that you don't end up piebald. Keep it away from the hairline, too—and that goes for the genital hairline. After use wash the hands thoroughly or you will look like a 60-cigarettes-a-day man. A good product is Duo Tan, in an aerosol.

Do *not* get on the drug kick to help a sun tan. Some silly people have been using psoralens, a drug prescribed for the specific treatment of a patchy white skin condition. After taking psoralens, a walk in the sun can bring on dermatitis, acute depression and other unpleasant symptoms.

There are some pills which seem to prevent painful burning for people with sensitive skins. These are Sylvasun, and they work by supplying the body with vitamin additives which counteract the burning effect of the ultra-short ultra-violet rays. The treatment begins several days before getting into the sun. Mountaineers have tried them successfully (the ultra-violet really is strong up there) and so have a number of Olympic athletes. No prescription is needed.

Finally, a word of comfort for the very fair-skinned who can hardly tan at all: most doctors are agreed that there is precious little health value in a tan. And undoubtedly too much sun can be dangerous. In Australia, and in California, where sun-worship is a form of madness, there is certainly a higher incidence of skin cancer. So if you just cannot tan, retire to a darkened room with a good book, or a bad brunette. You will live just as long.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

Charming Ray Cochrane has decided to go unisex and let men into her London beauty clinic at 118 Baker Street, W1. She will specialize in the treatment of acne and other skin problems, and also provide cosmetic facials because "it is an ideal therapy for the release of the tensions found in the high-pressure life of modern society"—and I couldn't have said it better myself. Monday night will be men's night, appointments starting

from 6 pm. It has always been Ray's custom to give a free consultation before recommending a course of treatment.

The beauty job may need one to six visits, and prices go like this: general facial, £2.50; facial toning, £2.90; acne treatment, £2.50. The list of treatments is much longer, but Ray will tell you all about them.

GOING BALD-HEADED

Experts argue endlessly over male hair loss. Some say it is inevitable, while others claim that baldness can be arrested, if not cured, and that in younger men it is often due to nervous tension. I talked recently with the head of a London clinic who says that men are losing their hair faster than their fathers did. Her statistics are drawn from the case histories of men who attended her clinic during the seven years from 1964 to 1971.

"Men normally come to us either when the first bald spot has appeared, or when the evidence on their comb can no longer be ignored," she says. "That has not changed. What is startling is the way in which those symptoms are occurring at an increasingly early age."

In 1964 the average age of patients under 35 attending the clinic was 30.1 years. By 1968 the average age was 28.1 and this has continued to fall until, in 1971, the average age was 25.3. "Of course," she says, "our patients are not all in their early twenties. But, even five years ago, we hardly ever saw anyone under 25. Now, more than half the up-to-35 year old group are actually below this age. If this goes on, we will be treating mostly teenagers in another 10 years."

This particular clinic is sure that a cause of early hair loss is the increasing stress of modern living, though it also puts some of the blame on detergent shampoos. The theory is that stress-induced nervous tension aggravates the balding process. "Hair loss is basically a skin problem", this expert says, "and it is significant that dermatologists also report an increasing evidence of tension-aggravated skin complaints."

What to do? It seems to be a case of relax and keep your hair on.

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Going bald has never been funny. Now, in the days of longer, more fashion conscious hair styles, it's even less so.

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Photographs of Mr. B. T. of London before and after Hair Extension.

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WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

possible complexities in which the only thing we can boast of, apparently, is total ignorance? We can take the attitude that in any learning process, in any storing of new memories, that is, *some* change takes place in the brain, and we ought to be able to detect it, whatever it is.

A Swedish neurologist, Holger Hyden, at the University of Gothenburg, developed techniques that could separate single cells from the brain and then analyse them for the chemical called ribonucleic acid (usually abbreviated as RNA). He subjected rats to conditions where they were forced to learn new skills—that of balancing on a wire for long periods of time, for instance, and by 1959, found that the brain cells of rats so forced to learn showed a 12% increase in RNA over the normal. (The process of learning the intricate control of muscles is particularly rewarding. As children, we painfully learn how to use our muscles in such a way that we can ride a bicycle or skim along on ice-skates and then, years afterward, with no practice in between, find we still remember.)

As it happens, RNA is the molecule that controls the formation of protein molecules in cells. Perhaps the learning process requires the formation of numerous special protein molecules, guided by the numerous special RNA molecules formed in the process of learning.

In the 1960s, Hyden discovered a particular type of protein in the rat brain. He called it S100, and it seems to occur *only* in brain cells. Its quantity increases during the process of learning.

The theory that the process of learning somehow brings about the formation of special RNA molecules which in turn guide the formation of special protein molecules gets support from other lines of experimentation. Suppose, for instance, one uses a drug that interferes with the chemical process whereby RNA forms protein. At the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine, Louis B. Flexner and his wife, Josepha, conditioned mice in a simple maze, teaching them to follow a particular path to avoid a shock. The conditioned mice were then given an injection of a drug preventing protein synthesis and promptly forgot what they had learned. Apparently, they were still only in the short-term memory stage and now could not transfer it to the long-term.

If the Flexners waited five days before injecting the drug, it no longer had effect. By that time, apparently, enough protein had been formed to make the memory permanent. If the animal is trained first in one respect and later in another and the drug is administered, the later training is forgotten, not the former.

On the other hand, certain drugs tend to promote RNA formation and there are reports that these, on some occasions, tend to increase the speed of learning. Does S100, or any protein formed in the process of learning, act as a memory molecule? Does it represent a memory bit simply by existing? Or does it *do* something? Is it the protein structure that counts, or the protein function?

Hyden, for instance, suspects that the S100 has some effect on the brain cell surface. Perhaps it adds on to the membrane of the cell and makes it a little more apt to conduct the nerve impulse. Perhaps every protein molecule formed helps set up a particular variety of electrical circuit.

There is an important difference between a circuit representing a memory bit and a molecule representing it. A circuit is not a material thing so much as a relationship among cells. It cannot be transferred unless a group of cells is taken out alive and replanted alive in another brain. A molecule, on the other hand, is a material thing and a nonliving one at that. It might well be taken out of one organism and injected into another.

And yet, just to make things more difficult, isn't it possible that each organism invents a protein or a circuit for itself every time it needs to store a bit of memory? In that case transfer is impossible because each brain would have its own language that would be gibberish to any other.

Still scientists were bound to experiment. In a famous experiment in 1961, James V. McConnell at the University of Michigan reported startling experiments with small organisms, called planaria, which are very low in the scale of life-complexity. He subjected them to a flash of light and then to an electric shock. Their bodies contracted at the shock and eventually began to contract as soon as the light shone. They had learned that the light meant a coming shock, and that might mean the production of special memory molecules. McConnell then chopped up the trained planaria and fed them to untrained planaria. He found that the untrained planaria, after their cannibalistic diet, learned to react to the light faster than did ordinary planaria. Had they incorporated some of the special memory molecules and obtained a headstart?

It was difficult to work with planaria, however, and to interpret their behavior. Not everyone accepted McConnell's results.

In 1965, the Danish physiologist, Ejnar Fjerdingstad, moved much farther up the scale and began to work with rats. He trained rats to go to the light in order to get food. He then collected the brains of a number of such trained rats, mashed them up, and injected the material into untrained rats. He found that such injected rats learned to go to the light very quickly. Somehow a memory of light-associated food had been transferred with the brain material.

The Hungarian-American physiologist, Georges Ungar, went even farther. In 1970, he subjected rats to an electric shock in the dark so that they finally developed a strong fear of the dark. Brain extracts, when injected into unshocked animals, caused them to show fear of the dark, too. From several pounds of brains from animals trained to show fear, Ungar isolated a chemical compound which would induce the fear in an untrained rat. What's more, it induced the fear in mice, too, and even in goldfish.

Not only were the memory molecules in one organism not gibberish to another organism of the same species, they were not gibberish even to organisms of another species. Ungar called his compound "scotophobin" from Greek words meaning "fear of dark."

It turns out that scotophobin is a very small protein molecule, made up of a string of just 14 amino acids. What it does in the cell and how it works is as yet completely unknown, but it is the closest approach, so far, to anything that might be considered an actual memory molecule.

Ungar intends to go farther. He plans to train rats to become habituated to a loud noise and learn to pay no attention to that. He will then see if he can find a molecule that will transfer the opposite of fear. Working with tens of thousands of goldfish, he hopes to train them to distinguish blue from green (to go to a blue light for food, for instance, but not to a green light) and see if he can isolate a chemical for color-distinction.

If several different molecules can be isolated, each with its own memory symbolization, some interesting generalizations might be drawn.

And what will all this mean for the future? As scientists learn more about the mechanism of learning and memory, will it mean that they will be able to improve the action of the human brain? Will they find conditions that favor rapid learning and efficient memory? Will they learn how to tap memories at will? Will they learn to unblock them permanently so that it will be possible for human beings to remember *everything?* Will all this raise the intelligence of human beings sky-high and make supermen out of us?

Perhaps we shouldn't hold our breaths over the possibility.

For one thing, the human brain is exceedingly subtle and it may be a long

CONTINUED ON PAGE 83

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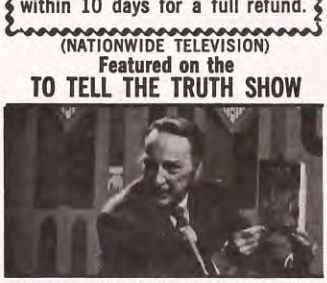

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SPIES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

men". Anatoli Granovsky, who defected from a Russian ship anchored in Stockholm, gave one of the most authoritative descriptions of Soviet sex schools in his book *All Pity Choked.*

Granovsky told of an instructor nicknamed "Rasputin" whose rationale was: "Let a woman know that you love her, that you want her and are excited by her. But if you are unsuccessful in the sexual expression of your love, the more you love her personally without this cardinal success the more you arouse in her contempt and boredom. If you satisfy a woman successfully and even if you do not love her, she will love you!" Rasputin went on to show his girl students how to make use of the primary and secondary zones of excitation and how to fake rapture even though they hated every moment with the "victim" who was possessing them. This instructor showed each girl how to make love, massage sexually and utilize fellatio. With the help of tape-recorded sounds and film, he also taught how to make love without losing all sense of reality. Granovsky added, incidentally, that Rasputin took five women in eight hours to their complete satisfaction—"He himself appeared no more tired than if he had spent a day at the beach."

BERIA AGREED WITH WEST

Not every Soviet secret police chief has been enamoured of the use of female agents. Lavrentiy Pavlovich Beria, when NKVD leader, was one: "I don't like to employ women in the secret police service, but sometimes they are useful as decoys. One would hardly believe how small the great men are in bed, and what they are prepared to tell their women. I have sometimes got information from a tart, whose lover was important in the *Politburo,* which was too secret to discuss at meetings."

In the use of female spies Western spy instructors are more practical than Soviet Russia and Red China. Basically the Western spy bureaux don't use "plants": they prefer to concentrate on obtaining the cooperation of people who are already "plants". Britain used this method successfully during World War II, when one of her most valuable spies was a woman employed in the Nazi Foreign Ministry. Western methods therefore rely on short-term "penetration" and disapprove of the protracted Soviet training system, of which Sir Percy Sillitoe, KBE, the former head of Britain's MI5, commented: "[*The Soviet system*] is an awful waste of time, manpower and money. I don't believe that this almost incredible method of selecting Soviet espionage recruits really safeguards Moscow against failure."

The Americans agree with the more relaxed British system of training. One top-ranking American Intelligence officer pointed out: "People are people, and they must be treated as such. It would be very wrong to copy Russian methods and cut our students off from the outside world. Anyway, our people simply wouldn't take it. They want to live normal lives, want to go to movies, to restaurants, dances and for rides in their automobiles. And why shouldn't they? If they are content with their way of life they are more receptive to schooling and training."

Despite these important differences the West follows lines similar to the East's in the practical espionage tuition. However, the French Deuxième Bureau believes that the really outstanding spy is "born", while the German secret service chiefs consider that the greatest asset of any spy is his or her brain, and train accordingly. Because their organized international intelligence service only began at the turn of the century, the American spy schools are run on similar lines to the British: both having their own secret methods of recruitment. There is undoubtedly a list of organizations from which girl students are drawn. Western spy schools make no distinction between men and women in training. A girl has to have stamina, good health, concentration, willpower, determination and tenacity, and is expected to be as proficient as men in physical combat. In the main training is divided into three categories; General knowledge, specialist knowledge of the countries in which they are to operate, and tactics, which includes all that the Russian training teaches, plus a more individualized course in self-possession. Training in the Western spy schools seldom exceeds a year, but is highly concentrated in surroundings which look like typical English public schools.

Today girl spies are used for assignments that range from comparing in the field French-built Mirage III-E fighters of the Lebanese airforce with Soviet MIGs, to stirring up racial hatred in South Africa. But they are being increasingly used in the West to trap other spies. These girl spy-catchers are selected for their personalities, physical attractiveness, intelligence and engaging manners. Their job is to ingratiate themselves with the suspect, to gain his or her confidence (lesbian spies are not uncommon), and if possible make a penetration into the home background. A woman can best do this, of course, by making herself sexually available to a man, and such amorous techniques have proved valuable to the FBI.

Yakov Lysvich was a Soviet Vice-Consul serving in New York. Previous to his accreditation, however, American counter-intelligence had become suspicious of another Soviet diplomat called Semyonov. One of America's spy-catcher girls was assigned to trap Semyonov, so that by the time that Yakov Lysvich arrived in New York City, Semyonov had been lured, hooked and bedded. Quite soon the spycatcher girl was the bedmate of both diplomats and extracted their secrets among the pillow-talk. In time a pile of evidence was amassed against the Soviet diplomats; they were recalled to Moscow after their informers and contacts had been rounded up by the FBI.

GIRL SPIES' TOP CASES

In Australia the spy Ivan Skrypov (First Secretary at the Soviet Embassy in Canberra) was trapped by a girl spy-catcher, as was Xavier Schmeisser, who supplied Moscow with NATO classified data while working in a "cover" job in Switzerland, and Georges Pacques who was Deputy Head of NATO's Press Service in Paris.

Women spies are rarely trapped and those like Greta Nielsson (Valentina Nikolayevna Malinovska—Agent D-441610/011P, a graduate of the Soviet ace spy school Prakhovka) and Angela Maria Rinaldi (Resident Network Operator in Italy), have shown their brilliance at escaping detection. Modern girl spies are practical, hard-headed and hard-working, who use sex with subtlety, their most dangerous weapon. As diplomats they rank in adroitness with men and like "Mademoiselle Germaine", the France-based agent (Irina Soltanova Cornescou), graduate with honours from diplomacy to espionage.

Since the days of the Mogul emperors Akbar, Jahangir and Shah Jahan, when girls were used as *Bhangin* ("scavenger spies") in bath-house and bedroom, female espionage has become more and more sophisticated. Once Emperor Akbar's statesman and organizer Abul Fazl was proud to boast a network of female spies throughout Mogul India, but today girl spies operate in every country in the world, including such mini-principalities as those of Liechtenstein and Monaco.

As she works in the capitals of the world, in mundane "cover" jobs as accountants in Munich (Gerda Schröder—the case of Sofia Anatolyevna Kuzmina), or secretaries in New York (Pamela Mason case), the girl spy dare not risk glamorous limelight, neither must she seek public admiration. Today the woman spy has to live down the image of Mata Hari (whose "legend", incidentally, has little basis in fact), for her efforts, even in the short term, might help to change the political map of the world.

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

time yet before these first gropings into the workings of that organ will yield firm results. And even after it does, there is no certainty that it would be wise to tamper with the brain.

Almost everyone is sure, for instance, that he would be better off with a better memory, and that a better memory would somehow mean a better intelligence.

But would he and does it?

Some great scientists and mathematicians had prodigious memories, but others had very poor memories. What's more, some people with virtually photographic memories, who seem to forget nothing, are of only ordinary intelligence or less.

Are we even sure we want to remember better than we do? Perhaps there would be disadvantages involved?

Earlier in the article, for instance, I asked if "blain" were an English word and said it wasn't. Undoubtedly most readers agreed with me at once. A few, however, might have dimly recalled coming across the word "blain" in the Bible (see *Exodus,* chapter 9, verses 9 and 10) and might have hesitated. Whether they finally decided, yes, or, no, the point is they would have hesitated.

Can it be that too good a memory might result in hesitation now and then in the course of life, where those with more efficient forgetteries would not hesitate? Would remembering too much get in the way of action? Would it get in the way of decision? Would it get in the way of further learning?

It might even be that the force of natural selection over millions of years of human evolution has worked against a too-efficient memory. Perhaps we fuzzy-minded individuals are the end product of a careful winnowing process. Perhaps we're the ones that survived best in the long run.

Let us not, then, be too anxious to improve a brain in a way that might not be an improvement. Mankind is learning these last few years that not all technological advances are necessarily beneficial or useful in the long run. Wherever we go and in whatever direction we move, we want to be careful that what we do does not backfire or lead to unexpected side-results.

And where must this caution be most clearly expressed but in the case of a mechanism so delicate and complex that it has no fellow in the known universe?

If we are going to fiddle with the human brain, it can only be hoped that we do so with the greatest possible care. If there is anything we must *not* forget, it is that.

PENTHOUSE FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

were only dressed in bras and pants. Suddenly one boy asked me to take off my bra. I was a bit reluctant, but as everyone was laughing and daring me, I took it off. Then he took me in his arms and also pulled down my pants. Soon all the girls were naked. I must say that, though I had been shy before, it was very exciting being petted, often intimately, in front of other people.

We became more and more daring, and pornographic poses, often together, were tried all the night long. I still have some of these photos, but they are secret because—well, you cannot buy that kind of photo! After that party we often went round naked together and I must confess that I lost my virginity, in front of everybody, during that summer holiday. I am now 23, happily married with one child, and I never did it again. But I still remember that wonderful "party game".—*Mme E. D. (name and address supplied), St. Quentin, France.*

One-legged appeal

How interesting it is that your columns have attracted letters from amputees and those attracted to us. I am a leg amputee, British-born though I now live in the United States, and a World War II G.I. war-bride. That dates me!

I wonder how many of my contemporaries remember the old magazine *London Life.* There were letters from amputees in practically every weekly issue during the war years of the 1940s. There were also pictures, articles, and stories. Naturally, I was very early exposed to this publication by quite a few gentlemen who showed a special interest in my one-leggedness and my crutches . . . one of these gentlemen being the G.I. who became my husband and who is still fascinated by the stump of a female amputee. He had clipped and saved quite a few of the *L.L.s* (as it was affectionately called) but over the years has lost many of them. My pictures appeared in that magazine more than once. If anyone remembers the pictures and letters signed with the pen name of "Dorree", they know who I am.

Today's generation would call my husband and myself "swingers". We still meet couples like ourselves and have the joys of a new admirer of the leg stump for myself and his opportunity to fondle another female stump. It would be horrible if our relationship ended there; on the other hand, it has to start *somewhere*!

Several times at parties, I have had married men with two-legged wives "nonchalantly" rest a hand on my skirt over the end of my stump (my left leg was amputated seven inches from the hip) and by giving it an equally nonchalant squeeze indicate a further interest in it. Though some of these men might have wives who might be interested in sharing a bed with my hubby, I have never encouraged this relationship. If they didn't have the foresight to marry an amputee themselves so that my husband would now find a delightful companion—well, the heck with them! Hubby and I share and share alike.

We are married now for over 25 years and, naturally, there have been times when we wondered to each other why he finds a female leg stump so fascinating and why I, in turn, can be turned on by love-making that starts at my stump. Among other theories, he has suggested that a stump is a symbol of feminine weakness and vulnerability. I find that men who are excited by my stump have the same gentleness in handling it that they would have in handling my breast.—*Mrs. D.D. (name and address supplied), Los Angeles, California.*

Vital statistics

I wonder if you and your readers could answer a question about the clitoris? In a book I read this part of the woman's anatomy was described thus: "Protruding from her bushy hair it was in its erect state the size and thickness of one's middle finger." Yet in all my experience I have never come across a clitoris half this size. Is this example pure fiction or have I only sampled women of small proportions? The largest I can recall was about one-eighth of an inch, if that.—*M. S. (name and address supplied,) London W.1.*

Our medical correspondent writes: Though cases of enlargement of the clitoris up to $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches have been recorded, these are extremely rare. Average length is around $\frac{1}{8}$-or $\frac{1}{4}$-inch.—Ed.

Summer interlude

I am a Swedish girl-reader of your magazine (please excuse my bad English) and your Forum letters on "Who starts it?" inspired me to the following confession. The story happened six years ago, when I was a 14-year-old pug-nosed and very wilful girl. I had no success in school. I was given bad marks in mathematics and German especially. My parents forced me to study these subjects during the summer and they advertized for a teacher and found Inger. She was 17 and very beautiful. In the moment I first saw her, I fell in love. Later my feelings for her changed almost to hate. She ignored all my invitations to friendship. She was always the superior lady teacher. And worst of all—she noticed my admiration and teased me about it.

We lived in our summerhouse on an island. Inger had her own room, where we studied maths and German three hours a day. We were left alone on the island five days a week because of my parents' work. During July we were alone for 18 days while my parents went to Italy. Inger and I did the minimal housework. Two days a week a boat arrived with provisions.

One day I found a way to obtain power over Inger. She was panic-scared of snakes and knew nothing about them. On our island there were many harmless blindworms, which I had learnt to handle. One evening I went into her room with two blindworms in a pot of glass. I was going to show them to her, but she surprised me by becoming absolutely rigid with dread. This was the turning point. I immediately saw my chance. I locked the door behind me and placed the key in my pocket. Then I explained that I was going to let the "snakes" out if she did not obey my wishes. She begged me not to let the snakes out.

I don't know how the insane idea came into my head. My own words surprised me when I ordered her to undress. She defied me, but when I began to open the "snake-pot" she screamed and begged me to take them away. "Undress", I ordered again. She protested and pleaded, but I was inexorable. She sobbed, whined, whimpered and sighed and her cheeks were as red as fire. I gripped one "snake" in my bare hand and finally she obeyed and garment after garment was removed. I discovered at this moment that Inger was extremely shy and, the more I became ex-

cited, the more she blushed. This and my curiosity helped me to force my purpose through. But in my heart I pitied her because of her shyness and shame.

When she, after innumerable protests and moanings, was at last naked, she attempted to hide her body with her hands. I ordered her to lie down on the bed to be subjected to an "examination". This shocked her deeply and she cried out, but with my "snakes" as argument I finally forced her to reluctant obedience. What a triumph for a 14-year-old girl! When I began to caress her she made a resistance, but I gradually prevailed and at last she surrendered completely. Feeling feverish and intoxicated, I caressed her and let my fingertips play on her body. By studying her reactions I learnt how to handle her, and finally signs told me that my treatment had entirely overcome her reluctance. She panted and trembled and I noticed that she let her body meet my hand in order to increase the contact. Then I felt proud! But all the time she murmured and grumbled about my cruelty, and I felt cruel myself. At last I let her escape, when I noticed she began to be faint and tired. She was holding her hands over her face and when I said goodnight she refused to answer.

Next morning she refused to leave her room, but the door was unlocked so I went in. Inger blushed and turned her head away, crying that I had to leave the room. Instead I went up and whispered that I wanted her naked again and that I still had the "snakes" in the pot. She began to cry. This time I undressed her myself and she made only awkward attempts to escape. She was terribly embarrassed, confused and shy, but she did not really fight and it was not difficult to defeat her again. She gave up and I got her in the same situation as the day before. Her greatest problem seemed to be her shyness, which nearly paralyzed her. Most of the time she hid her face in her hands. No wonder I was able to handle her.

After that I was the dominant girl on the island. Finally she obeyed whenever I ordered her to be my "slavegirl", without the help of the snakes. It was a wonderful summer. Why didn't she leave the island? I think I know. Even though she hated me, her body yearned for my impudent touches. She experienced my intrusivenss as torture, but at the same time was excited to be tortured that way. I don't know. She never answered questions about our relationship. She only blushed and hid her face. She made objections each time I wanted to seduce her, but I always succeeded. The last time I caressed her body she even cautiously answered my kisses. When she left our house at the end of the summer, she shook hands with me and for the first time in weeks her eyes met mine. I saw no hate in them, but her cheeks were rosy. A mysterious girl. I never met her again, but I miss her still—*Eva A. (name and address supplied), Eskilstuna, Sweden.*

Let's have a fine romance

My own sexual experiences, modest though they are, have taught me one thing: men are the naturally romantic sex and always have been. I am 30 now and married, but sometimes, like most men, I recall past sexual experiences and I realize every time that the ones in which there was a certain romance are the ones I now hold the dearest.

I fondly remember Jenny, who used to perform exquisite fellatio on me in the back of my little A35 van. Whether it sounds romantic or not, it was. Any man experiencing what I experienced would feel exactly the same, if he admitted it past his emotional guard. Jenny had much of the maiden in her manner. If readers find it difficult to view fellatio in a romantic light, I ask them to imagine an attractive young girl of 19, naked, with her bell of blonde hair hanging around my thighs, her lips teasing and fluttering over my penis. This was nice enough, but on the particular occasion I always remember she gave me the distinct impression she was only using me. Her lips were so greedy and willing that I was faintly disgusted (shame on me!) She seemed to have forgotten that there was a great deal more of me, besides my penis. Yet for some unknown reason that particular session was imbued with romance. She was happy to pay me this kind of "homage" or, as she herself called it jocosely, "lip service". She seemed completely natural and without a trace of any inhibition which is often, though not always, detrimental to the enjoyment of sex.

Jenny I loved, but I was too know-it-all and credulous of that time-honoured fallacy of the joys of philandering to acknowledge the emotion. I shut it out, but those trips in the van I shall never forget. Why? Romance—accept it or not, that is the reason. Why do we men persist in fooling ourselves, telling ourselves it's not so? I believe that a man's development isn't complete until he has admitted this element of masculine romance in himself.

I had several other "loves" but only one other affair contained that same sweet romantic felicity —when I met my wife. She was such an awkward young woman, sexually a real prude, but, as every man knows, the ultimate triumph is always enhanced by such sexual diffidence. Eventually, at a party, I managed to take her out on the terrace, but what a panic she was in! She evinced all the usual powerful female ambivalence: she wanted to, but was afraid. It was more or less just a frantic groping session, but now, in the light of so many warm, honest bedroom encounters, I know what a sexy little darling she can be, and I can see that incident on the terrace in a remarkably romantic light. I am sure it is one of the reasons I married her.

So please let's have a little more gentleness and romance in all forms of sex and love. It *is* a game —let us remember that and not be so deadly serious. —*W.B. (name and address supplied), Spondon, Derby.*

Quite a poser

While vacationing in California last summer, my husband and I became curious about the many ads in the tabloid newspapers for nude models and decided to answer one just to satisfy our curiosity. We phoned one of the numbers given and were told to report as a couple to the studio.

We arrived and were greeted by a receptionist and told to wait in the tiny and rather dingy lobby. She ushered us into the "studio", which consisted of some cameras, lights and a large bed with a purple spread. The photographer looked us over, asked us if we had done any modelling before, told us the fee and said we could get started at once. He instructed me to sit on the bed and said he would begin taking the pictures as I took my clothes off. He took several shots each time that I removed an article of clothing. When I was totally nude, he told me how to pose, and I assumed various different positions that emphasized different areas of my body.

After this had gone on for some time, he told my husband to disrobe and join me on the bed. Watching me pose in the nude had given my husband an erection, but the photographer said he wanted the photographs while my husband's penis was relaxed, so we took a break, during which we were offered coffee by the receptionist. Still nude, my husband and I chatted with the receptionist for several minutes, during which time my husband achieved the desired appearance. We resumed the session with the two of us on the bed and were given a variety of poses to strike, most of them being some sort of sexual foreplay. Finally I was instructed to simulate fellatio on my husband, which I did though finding it difficult to hold

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myself back from making it the real thing.

By the time the photo-taking was over, both my husband and I were in such a state of arousal that we had to force ourselves to put our clothes on. We accepted our pay (which we were later told by others was below the standard rate) and hurried back to our motel room, where we spent most of the day. We have since obtained a copy of the magazine with our photos in it and needless to say we find leafing through it a very arousing experience, which is usually followed by intense love-making.—*Mrs. J.N. (name and address supplied), Racine, Wisconsin, U.S.A.*

Pain and pleasure

I am sure your magazine has done a good service in printing so many frank letters about pain and pleasure. They have certainly shown that when youngsters are chastised it is most important not to subject them to unnecessary risks of spankings and tannings having sexual overtones, by at least allowing them the modesty and protection of their pants.

Having felt the bitter sting of the parental cane across my bottom until I was a big lad of 16, I have always been especially interested in the implications of teenage correction. It may be old-fashioned, but I admire parents who keep the cane, strap or slipper as a sobering influence in this permissive age, but only use it moderately on the offender's *covered* backside for correcting serious misbehaviour. As a general form of punishment I am sure it's outdated, but administered occasionally by those with genuine love and regard for the culprit, it is most likely to have the desired effect.

At home, from about the age of 14 onwards, I must admit that I dreaded the indignity of the cane much more than the alternative disciplinary measures involving loss of freedom. I received four or six fairly hard ones from Mother while Dad made sure I bent down over the bed properly. This formal thrashing on the seat of my trousers with a slender, pliable cane always involved the necessary degree of shame and pain to deter me from breaking the few sensible family rules again for some time. I know it's supposed to be undesirable for mothers to chastise their sons, but I reckon it was quite a feasible procedure, especially as Dad was there to restrain me if necessary.

Obviously I thought I was far too old for a tanning at 15 and 16 and protested bitterly about it. But my parents made me understand that if I played up too much, I would still be severely punished and that the cane would be retained until school-leaving age as the short, sharp alternative to a week's detention. They also professed their firm belief that chastisements should always be properly administered on the seat and I must say I've always felt they were right.

With regard to pain and pleasure, naturally my buttocks burned like hell after a good swishing but, probably because I was never made to bare my breech, it didn't amount to any real sensual pleasure, which so many of your other correspondents speak of. The bottoms-up thrashing made me gasp, jump and plead for mercy and my striped cheeks enhanced my humiliation every time I sat down for the next couple of days. It was usually over a week before the red weals faded altogether and I soon found I preferred walking to the sports field rather than cycling in summer shorts during that uncomfortable time.

I'm sure if the parental order had been "trousers and pants down" I should have a different tale to tell. As it is, the pleasures of lovemaking are always heightened for me by a titillated rump, and I've wondered whether it is partly due to the spankings I received as a boy. Actually I suppose I've been fortunate in having the pain and the pleasure at the appropriate times of life. After all, I can't see that there is any real deviation in having one's highly sensitive bottom fondled and massaged in loveplay. I certainly wouldn't wish to be punished again, apart from slapping.

In view of what I have said, I naturally disagree with the mode of correction adopted by J-P. L. of Paris (vol 6 no 9) though I believe the homely old-fashioned type of spank-bottom has always been more widely accepted in France. I agree that thorough parental chastisement is a good punishment for boys until the age of 17, or even after, as a last resort. If an ordinary English punishment cane or leather strap was on sale in Britain nowadays, as the martinets are, apparently, in France, parents would be able to carry out their moral duty of domestic discipline without the difficulty of obtaining a suitable instrument of correction. Many of us remember that the mere presence of the cane was often enough to make us think twice before transgressing again. I am afraid that a good dose of detention, or a very sore bottom, is sometimes just as necessary as the more pleasant things at home. I must say I certainly grew up a more sensible and disciplined youth for having been well acquainted with both forms of discipline. I believe it was some wise judge who once said "Children need love and discipline"—a fair statement indeed.—*J. R. (name and address supplied), Croydon, Surrey.*

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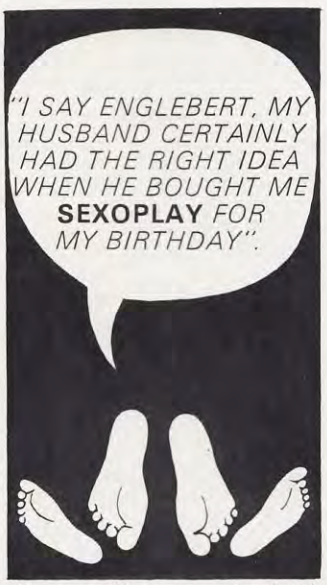

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